THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 26. VOLUME LIII.

Copyright, 1880, Perry Mason & Co.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880. No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion.

HOW RUTH CAME HOME.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

It was the old story over again—the duck had hatched a swan, and thought it a very ugly bird. Mrs. John Frost was thoroughly discontented with her youngest girl. Girls *were* rather an old story when Ruth was born. Delia and Jeannette had already preceded her—Delia by four years, and Jeannette by two.

Ruth should have been a boy. Her mother, indeed, almost resented the intrusion of a third girl. They say mother-love is a universal instinct; and no doubt it existed, somewhere deep down in Mrs. John Frost's heart, even for this undesired girl.

Papa Frost made Ruth welcome from the first. He had never been allowed to have much to do with the two older girls. But little Ruth he might pet and fondle to his heart's content.

It was he who gave her her name, in memory of his mother, who had gone long ago to sleep, on the sunny south side of the village churchyard. When she grew old enough to toddle about, it was to his hand that she clung. When her school-days came, it was to him, not to her mother, that she told all her little pleasures and perplexities. While she had him, she scarcely realized that her lot was more lonely than that of her two older sisters, who were always playing together.

When she grew older still, into a shy little girl of twelve, it was to her father that she went with her first great secret. The soul of an artist was in little Ruth Frost; and she made pictures of all sorts of things with such simple materials as she could command. At last she showed them to her father; and he, with the keen artistic sense he had, which had never found expression, perceived, under their crudeness, the something that made him believe the child had genius.

HOW RUTH CAME HOME.

He kept her secret faithfully, but he brought her pencils and colors and cardboard; and he was as excited over every fresh attempt of hers as she was herself.

By this time Delia was sixteen, and very "capable," as they say in New England; and Jeannette was fourteen, and she, too, was a girl after her mother's own heart, and "could turn her hand to anything." There was not much left for Ruth to do, except to dream, and to try to shadow forth her dreams in her sketches. She never could have kept these sketches secret save for her father; but the mystery was as dear to him as to her.

He liked to think there was this shared and sacred confidence between him and his youngest and favorite girl.

She grew to be fourteen before her first great trouble came to her. Then one morning, she saw her father in the garden before breakfast, and they made plans together for a little walk and a new sketch, as gayly as two children. Then they went in to breakfast. When the meal was half over, a strange look came across John Frost's face. He put out his hands, in a vague, uncertain way, and said, "Father's little daughter!" as if he were unconscious what he was saying.

Those were his very last words.

Ruth sprang to his side first, and then the others. He was taken to bed; physicians were summoned; all that man could do was done, and done in vain. Now and then, when Ruth was left alone with him for a moment, she would clasp and kiss him, and cry to him, with all the passion of her loving heart; but no sound penetrated those closed ears.

He lay there, breathing heavily, for two hours. Then the breath grew shorter and fainter, and ceased at last; he had gone out upon the tide, to another shore, where they need not the sun by day or the moon by night.

The grief of all the others was more noisy than that of Ruth. But when he was taken away and buried out of her sight, she felt as if her heart had been left behind her in his grave. She went silently and dreamily about the house. She could not touch, for a long time, her brushes or her pencils. All the implements of her art were connected so closely with him.

But at last her longing to work came back to her. It seemed to her that in it she must find her only consolation. And now her petty vexations began. Without her father's aid, she could no longer keep her occupation secret; and it vexed her mother sorely to find in a daughter of her own such alien tastes.

She set her hard tasks, at which Ruth labored faithfully, full of a desperate impatience to get through them, and go back to the work that was her life. But somehow she never gave satisfaction. If she made bread, it did not "rise," as Delia's and Jeannette's did; if she sewed a seam, it was sure not to be quite straight; if she dusted a room, there would be some unlucky speck of dust left somewhere.

At last, the day she was sixteen, her mother summoned her for a serious talk. Ruth had been crying. For almost two years, now, her father had been asleep under his coverlet of summer grass or winter snow; and Ruth could not remember one really tender word that had been spoken to her in all that time. Was it her own fault? she wondered. She knew that she was not companionable to the rest. The little things of every day that interested them so much had no interest for her. She was absent-minded; forever seeing something in her mind that no one else saw.

"Mother says my wits are always wool-gathering," she said to herself, "and I suppose it *is* trying. Perhaps if I think more about what is going on, and how I can help along, they will grow fonder of me after a while. I can't expect anybody to care, as *he* cared, for what *I* want; but, perhaps, if *I* care for what *they* want, things will go better."

To her, in this softened mood, came Delia, and said that her mother wanted her in the sitting-room. The moment she appeared there, her eyes, red with weeping, gave offence to her mother.

We must remember that Mrs. Frost had her own grievance. To her it seemed a positive trouble to have a daughter whom she could no more understand than she could have guessed the Sphinx's riddle—a silent conundrum, eating her bread, and going in and out of her house, but living some other life of her own all the time. She looked at pale little Ruth with her red eyes, and said, in a tone of voice which was not free from bitterness,—

"You are sixteen years old, now, and I think it's time that you should turn over a new leaf. You have never done anything useful since you were born; and I think you should begin now. Delia and Jeannette are both good housekeepers, and Delia is going to teach school this winter. You do nothing but idle your time away over a parcel of paints and brushes, and I'm going to put a stop to it."

"Are we poor, mother?" Ruth asked, with a courage that astonished herself as much as it did her mother.

"No, we are not poor; but that is no sign why you should be lazy."

"Have *I* anything of my own?"

"Not while I live. The property was more of it mine than your father's; and he willed it all to me. Why do you ask?"

"Because if I had anything, I should wish to use it to go away and study art."

"Study fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Frost cried, angrily. "Go and bring me your paints and brushes, every one."

Silently Ruth obeyed. She thought they were to be locked away from her; but she put them into her mother's hand, with a submission so unprotesting that somehow it angered her mother still more.

It was a chilly morning early in September, and a light, bright fire was burning on the hearth. Mrs. Frost turned towards it, with the paints and brushes. If Ruth had entreated, even then, no doubt she might have saved her treasures; for her mother was narrow and prejudiced, rather than unkind or hard-hearted. But a spirit came into Ruth which she did not herself recognize. Her lips grew white and rigid, but she did not open them. She looked steadfastly at her mother. One by one Mrs. Frost laid those things which were her daughter's treasures upon the fire. The flames welcomed them eagerly, and glowed and danced around them, and in a moment they were gone.

Then the mother, half-frightened at what she had allowed herself to do, and the daughter, a little whiter and quieter than usual, stood and looked at each other. Ruth was the first to speak. It seemed as if in the last quarter of an hour she had suddenly grown up.

"Mother," she said, "I am not wanted here. Could you not help me away to an art-school, and to prepare for a teacher, and to take care of myself?"

Her quiet manner enraged Mrs. Frost as much as her question did. Mrs. Frost was a good manager, a good housekeeper; but she had not learned to control her own spirit. Anger burned hot within her.

"You can go any time you please," she said. "I'll give you fifty dollars to start you; and no doubt you will be able to get a living by your 'art,' I think you called it."

"Thank you; I will take it and do the best I can for myself in the world."

Mrs. Frost looked after her in a kind of dumb surprise, not unmingled with alarm. She was not much troubled, however. As soon as the money was spent, she said to herself, Ruth would be back, glad enough to get home. And *she* shouldn't grudge the fifty dollars—not she—to teach Ruth a good lesson.

Ruth was glad that she had not been compelled to give her sketches to be burned. She could take them with her, and she had high hopes from them—the hopes of an untried, inexperienced heart.

Ruth prepared for her new life. When she had put all that she wished to take away into her trunk, she went down stairs and out of doors. Her feet had trodden many a time the path she took, for it led to her father's grave. When she got there, the churchyard was silent as the dead who slept in it. No soul was in sight—not even a bird twittered. Ruth knelt down, and put her arms round the white stone on which her father's name was graven.

"*You* loved me!" she cried, "you only, in all the world; and now you are gone. Do you *know* what I say? Do you *know* how I cry, and there is no one to be sorry for me?"

And it seemed to her excited fancy that from out the low grave, she heard a voice breathe, softly as a sigh,—

"Father's little daughter!"

When she went home again she was very calm. It was almost time for the train by which she meant to go to New York. She asked if the man might take herself and her trunk to the station. Then her mother gave her the fifty dollars, and, with a sort of eleventh-hour relenting, money enough besides to pay her passage to New York. She said good-by to Delia and Jeannette with no special emotion; then, suddenly, she turned to her mother. I think those two had never been so near each other in all Ruth's life as now, when they were parting.

"Kiss me, mother," Ruth cried, eagerly. "My father loved us both."

And that kiss of parting was the warmest kiss the girl had ever known from her mother's lips.

"Of course you'll go to the Henleys; they are 119 West 11th Street; don't forget," Mrs. Frost called after her, as she was getting into the wagon.

The Henleys were old neighbors, who had moved, a few years before, to New York. Ruth doubted whether she should go there. She had plans of her own, impractical plans, but they looked reasonable to her. She would sell her sketches and live on the proceeds, and in her own success she had all the faith of untried youth.

She got to New York just at nightfall, and drove to the St. Nicholas Hotel. It was a lonesome night. She had chosen that hotel because she had been there once before with her father; but the memory of that old holiday did not make the present solitude the easier to bear.

Not until Ruth was fairly gone did Mrs. Frost realize the folly of letting this girl of sixteen go out alone into the world.

Before she went to bed, she wrote to Mrs. Henley, commending her daughter to her care. She slept little; and she would have slept less yet, had she herself had experience enough of the world to understand half the dangers Ruth was confronting. There was indeed but one hope for the helpless girl, to whom the great city might well have been more dangerous than a den of wild beasts. There was the word of promise that God would be a father to the fatherless.

The next morning Ruth arose, bright and early. As soon as the shops seemed to be open, she walked out on Broadway. She had taken with

her the best of her sketches; these she hoped to sell, and she walked on till she came to a well-known picture-store. It was an hour too early for customers. When she went in the clerks were busy arranging the exhibition-room, and the proprietor of the shop seemed to be concluding a bargain with a lady who had brought some pictures to sell—pictures so beautiful that, as Ruth saw them spread out, her heart sank within her. What would her poor little sketches look like, after these? Seeing her air of hesitation, the proprietor asked, courteously, how he could serve her.

"I, too, brought some sketches which I wanted to sell; but I see now that it will be of no use. After these, you will not look at mine."

"Let me see them, at least," said the dealer, pleasantly; and the lady turned, too, with much interest, touched by the admiration of her own work yet more evident in Ruth's face than in her voice. With her cheeks flushing, and her heart beating fast, timid Ruth spread out her humble sketches. There was an utter absence of technical knowledge. She had not learned even the grammar of art, but the soul of art was there. She was like a real poet, who could not spell, and who did not know of the marriage ceremony between verbs and substantives, and yet whose fancy had scaled the heavens.

The dealer and Mrs. Osborne—for the lady was Margaret Osborne, the well-known artist—looked at each other in surprise.

There were low fields, over which the mists of morning crept, beneath skies where a red dawn began to break. There were desolate trees, whose boughs a long-prevailing wind had bent, and bits of water, sad in the sad moonlight. There were flowers, taken as they grew, with background of bits of rock and moss, and ferns that almost trembled as you looked at them.

"My child, you *know* nothing, but you *feel* everything!" Mrs. Osborne cried, impulsively.

The tears sprang to Ruth's eyes. Such praise from a lady of taste made her feel as if already she had been crowned with immortal bay. She looked the thanks she dared not trust herself to speak. Then she said, timidly, to the dealer, "*Will* they sell?"

"I dare not promise that," he answered, kindly, "but I will keep them and show them to some people, who may be interested. Some one may possibly buy these now, for the sake of the great promise there is in them."

"Thank you. Then shall I call again in a few days?"

"If you please."

There was nothing more for Ruth but to go away. Mrs. Osborne went out at the same time. As they were about to part, she said,—

"I like the spirit of your work, and I would like to help you to the skill it needs to clothe it fitly."

Ruth had hoped to sell her sketches, and to earn enough by her pencil to take lessons in art at the Cooper Institute, or some other art school.

In a few days, she called again at the art store, and saw there the same lady. The polite salesman at once recognized her, and said to her,—

"This is Mrs. Osborne, the artist."

Ruth, who was well read in art literature, recognized the name, and in the course of a pleasant conversation, told her she was alone in the city.

"Alone!—a girl like you? But I will walk with you now, and you shall tell me how this happens, if you will."

And as they talked, the story was told. All that was harsh in Mrs. Frost got itself softened down in the telling; yet, somehow, Mrs. Osborne saw just how unwelcome her life had been in that home, and understood the mood of desperation in which Ruth had come out into the world, —a lamb, as she said to herself, among wolves. Margaret Osborne's sympathies were strong, and her impulses were quick and ardent. "I sometimes take art pupils. Perhaps you would like to come and study with me?"

"With you?"

"Yes. I am alone. There is a little room off my own you can use; and you can work in my studio. I know you as well through those pictures of yours as if I had been your neighbor all my life. I can teach you all you need at present. I do not seek for pupils, but I am willing to try you. Will you come?"

"WILL I?" Ruth's looks said the rest, for something seemed to choke her just then. If exiled Mother Eve had been invited back into the Garden of Eden, she might have felt something as this girl did, who seemed to herself to have been invited into paradise.

The next day, Mrs. Frost received a letter from Mrs. Henley, saying that she had neither seen nor heard anything from the missing Ruth,—a letter which Mrs. Frost thought she could *not* have borne, had not the same post brought one from Ruth. This last was a little letter, and it only said,—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been wrong, I know, in not trying more to please you; but I do think I am in my right place now. I am studying with a lady whom you would approve; and I promise you faithfully, if I get into any trouble or difficulty, you shall know at once. You *do* know, mother, that you can trust my word. If all goes well with me, you will not hear from me again until I have succeeded; but be sure that I will never do one thing which would grieve my father, if the dead can know about the living. I love you and my home more than ever, now that I am far away. YOUR DAUGHTER RUTH."

This letter somewhat eased the anxiety of Mrs. Frost's heart, in which, at last, the long-silent instinct of motherhood had asserted itself towards this her youngest girl.

She had still half a hope that when the fifty dollars were spent, Ruth would return; but, deeper down still, was a yet stronger, more unselfish hope that Ruth would succeed in her own way.

She was greatly disturbed about her at times, but her pride and self-will still was her ruling disposition.

Ruth became not only a pupil of Mrs. Osborne, but an inmate of her house.

As soon as she had thus found a home, a change came over her feelings towards her mother. Absence sometimes develops a right spirit by clearing one's mental vision to see things as they appear to other eyes than our own. She wrote again to her mother to say that she feared she had left home under the influence of wrong feelings, but begged to be allowed to remain at Mrs. Osborne's and continue her studies.

Her mother replied coldly and proudly. She both cherished a secret hope that Ruth would succeed, and at the same time she was unwilling to unbend and give her a mother's sympathy. Her greatest trouble about the matter seemed to arise from the fear that some evil might happen to Ruth, for which her conduct in making her home unpleasant would be responsible.

The next spring, Delia Frost was married. Her bridal journey took her to New York, and among other places where it was "the thing" to go, she went to the academy exhibition of pictures. There was one which struck her greatly, for it was of a familiar scene,—their own old homestead,—the well-known house, with its sheltering trees; the little stream at the right, with the willows sweeping over it; some old-fashioned flowers beside the rustic well. It was among Mrs. Osborne's collection at the exhibition.

"It is home to the life, George," she said to her husband. "Some artist must have sketched it in passing through Ryefield."

Of course "George" agreed with her, and they wandered on through the gallery. On their way out, they stopped again before the old homestead, and Delia declared it made her homesick to look at it. The next week, they were sitting in the parlor at home, and among other things they had seen, Delia described this picture. Mrs. Frost sat for a few moments in silence; then she said, quietly,—

"Delia, did you happen to think that might be Ruth's picture?"

"Oh no, mother, that wouldn't be possible. She has only been gone since September. She couldn't have got a picture into the academy—that child!"

Mrs. Frost said no more; but the next morning she came into the room where her daughters were sitting.

"I have packed my trunk," she said, "and I am going to New York this afternoon. Mrs. Henley has often asked me to make her a visit, and I have concluded to go now."

It was not the family habit to make comments on the mother's movements. She was a strong-willed woman, and accustomed to take her own way. But after she had gone, Delia said to Jeannette,—

"You may depend upon it, mother thinks that picture was Ruth's, and she has gone to find out."

Mrs. Frost, meantime, went on her uneventful journey. She passed that night at the Henleys', and the next morning, she made her way to the Academy of Design.

She was not long in finding the picture of which she was in search. It was signed "Ray," and the catalogue gave her no further light on the subject; but she felt sure, in the depths of her heart, that this picture was painted from no hurried sketch by a passing artist, but from the faithful memory of one who clung lovingly to each simple detail, and omitted nothing.

She had too much shrewdness and perseverance to be baffled by an unresponsive catalogue; and she asked the person who sold tickets at the door who it was that decided what pictures should be accepted for the exhibition. "The Hanging Committee," she was told.

"And is any one of them here now?" she inquired.

A gentleman was pointed out to her, and she at once approached him with the straightforwardness which was one of her strong characteristics.

"I want to buy that picture, 'No. 334,'" she said. "Can you tell me where I can find the artist?"

"Fortunately, I can. It was painted by Miss Ruth Frost. She is a pupil of Mrs. Osborne's, and lives with her at No. ——, West ——nd Street."

A week after that, Jeannette, who was housekeeper in her mother's absence, received a letter, which said, only,—

"I shall return home to-morrow night, bringing two guests with me. I have purchased the picture of which Delia spoke.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER."

Two guests! Jeannette was full of excitement and curiosity; but she did not allow excitement to interfere with housekeeping. She made bread and cake, she arranged the spare rooms, she gathered flowers to adorn the house; and at last, when there was nothing more to be done, she waited, and that was hardest of all. She had sent a wagon to meet the five-o'clock train, and at length it returned well laden. First of all, out stepped her mother, resolute and firm of foot.

"Jeannette," the mother said, as tranquil and self-possessed as ever, "here are Mrs. Osborne and my daughter Ruth, who have come to pass the month of June with us."

The mother and daughter understood each other now. Both were regretful for the misunderstandings of the past, and the unwelcome child became the light of the home in the mother's old age, the truest and most devoted of all her children to her, while her genius at the same time was delighting other homes by her once despised and unappreciated art.

TEMPTATION.

How easy to keep free from sin,
How hard that freedom to recall;
For dreadful truth it is, that men
Forget the heavens from which they fall.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

For the Companion.

DR. JOE'S CHOLERA-PATIENT.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

Manufacturer Hobbs was a very wealthy man, but he wasn't as stingy as were many of the people who enjoyed talking about his stinginess. But he grumbled as naturally as he breathed; more naturally, indeed, for he breathed hard through his mouth with a kind of little snore.

Though his fault-finding was often merciless, it had ever a basis of justice. He lived within supervising distance of the county poorhouse, and when other things failed, he found in the management of this institution perennial matter to snarl at.

He growled when any insane were lodged there, as was the case when the county overran its quota at the State Asylum. He growled whenever a child was left to the tender mercies of the poorhouse; and as for the county doctoring, he snarled and twisted his face over that subject till, at times, all his features seemed dislocated, thrown into chaos.

"They auction it off!" he would say, all his features drawing together, as if on elastic web; "let it out to the lowest bidder, which means the poorest doctor. A brilliant set! Why, the supervisors ought to elect the county doctor by a unanimous vote; and he oughtn't to be paid a salary. He or any other man should be paid for the work he does, and for no more."

Mr. Hobbs grumbled so persistently for poorhouse reform that the pauper matter came to be known as Hobbs' hobby. And the day came when his fault-finding on this line reached a climax. This is how it was:

In the employ of Mrs Hobbs was a widow woman, the mother of five children. The haunting dread of her life was that she or some child of hers might come to the degradation of a lodgment in the poorhouse; for this serving-woman had a strong feeling of self-respect. She picked for the hardest places when engaging for service, where the heavy work would draw high wages.

As Mr. Hobbs boarded many of the employés of his large shoe-factory, the work in his family was hard enough to match the wages—the weekly three dollars fifty, and the board of her youngest—which the serving-woman received.

It was while all her energies were strained to the utmost tension in carrying her burden that one of her children was run over by a railroad train. One leg was so mangled as to demand immediate amputation.

The surgeon went, immediately after the operation, to the town supervisor for an order sustaining the work done, and warranting a continuation of the medical attendance. The supervisor refused the order on the ground that the child, if entitled to aid from the county, should be moved to the poorhouse and treated by the poor-doctor. The surgeon claimed that the child could not be moved, except at great risk. The supervisor persisted in refusing the order.

"I will not order medical attendance to any person outside the poorhouse," he said.

"Since I am pressed with work, I have no time to give away," said the surgeon. "As the county will not pay the surgical bill, and there is no person who can be made responsible for it, I must retire from the case."

Then there was grumbling that was grumbling from Manufacturer Hobbs.

"That mite of a mangled body must be toted off to the poorhouse, must it? As if his mother was a beggar! and there isn't a braver woman in the county! But the child sha'n't go there! he sha'n't! And he shall have good medical attendance, too. I wish, in my soul, I owned a doctor!"

Whereupon, Mr. Hobbs fell to thinking. Why shouldn't he own a doctor? He was abundantly able to own one; he needed one; forever there was somebody sick among his workmen. He'd have one; he'd go to the city and hire one; a tip-top doctor, who should do the factory practice, and the practice for the poor who were struggling to keep out of pauperism; and he, Hobbs, would stand between, and see that there was fair play,—no gouging or shirking. And while he was about it, he'd fit up a home to which such poor could go in misfortune, and make believe they were boarding. He might as well spend some of his money before he died, as to leave it all for those lazy nephews of his to scatter.

And so it came to pass that Mr. Hobbs did buy in the suburbs a roomy house, with orchards about it, for the homeless poor who were not willing to be pauperized, where the nominal charge for board and service kept up the fiction that the inmate was not receiving charity, to the end that his self-respect might not be broken down.

In getting his medical and collegiate education, Dr. Joe had spent all his patrimony; much more than this, indeed. He had pieced out his means by putting up herbariums for his medical preceptor and for the college, to meet tuition bills. His herbarium, gathered with much loving pains, he had parted with at half its value.

To pay his board, he had measured the depths of tedious drudgery. But forever in his faithful soul were sounding the stirring words which Benjamin Rush used to speak to his graduates:

"Gentlemen, you are the inheritors of the accumulated knowledge of a long past. Doctors, you are among the intellectual magnates, equal with the best. Your profession is your capital. It is worth anywhere at least twenty thousand dollars,—a good inheritance."

So Dr. Joe put in heart and brain and years, and all the money he could scrape together, to bring his capital, if it might be, above the average twenty thousand dollars.

In the end, all he had to show the world was a diploma. If this had been a definite expression, like an algebraic exponent, it would have been satisfactory. But when Dr. Joe opened his office, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, right beside his sign hung Dr. Henry Bean's, though Dr. Henry had hardly made the examination which Dr. Joe had cleared with applause.

Yet they each held the same grade certificates. Dr. Henry's office was attractive with bright carpeting, pretty curtains, easy-chairs. There were shelves of the latest medical works, brand-new; patent surgical instruments, silver-bright; there was an operating-chair, very inviting.

Is it any wonder that people discriminated against Dr. Joe, with the poverty-marks about him? that they preferred Dr. Henry? He seemed prosperous, and the prosperous man presumably deserves his prosperity. The shrewdest of us thus argue.

So Dr. Henry flourished, and Dr. Joe waited in his office, getting poorer and shabbier, despite his wood-sawing and his poetry-writing—for he contributed a poem a month to the *Ladies' Garland*, at four dollars a poem.

He kept on this waiting through four years, with now and then a tooth to pull, or a boil to open, or an ague case to dose with quinine; called occasionally into the homes of the poor who could not pay, and where the prosperous physician would not go.

He had kept up courage through the weary waiting with a secret gratification that he had not been rusting, finding a measure of compensation for his small practice in the time afforded him for studying.

He had gone on hoping, that in some lucky day somebody would find him out. But when the fourth year had closed, and he found himself apparently no farther along except that he was better read, Dr. Joe's heart began to falter. He even had thoughts of changing his business; of applying for a clerkship in a certain notion-shop, or of taking an agency to sell patent egg-beaters.

About this time came word that the cholera had appeared in a Southern port. Then, as time passed, there were telegrams announcing its advance up the river towards Dr. Joe's city.

A stranger was dining at the Green Tree Restaurant; a stranger with a puckered face, who grumbled at every dish brought him; its quality, or quantity, or price, or at the waiter's manner in serving it.

He had ordered off veal-pie, and ordered on roast beef, and the waiter had shot out like a meteor. When this functionary returned, the grumbling guest was found on the lounge in a fit of agony. The mouth was open, the lips moving, the head bobbing in a way idiotic, while the gesticulation was something indescribable. The beef was almost pitched on the table, there was an ejaculation of cholera, and into the street hurried the waiter, crying for a doctor. The celebrated Dr. Jordon was at that moment walking leisurely towards the restaurant.

"In Heaven's name, sir," the waiter cried to him, "come! There's a man dying of cholera at the Green Tree."

"Cholera!" repeated the doctor, aghast. Then his leisurely aspect became agitated; he faced about and hurried off, the trembling waiter keeping alongside. "I haven't time to stop," the great doctor said, nervously. "Go for another doctor. I have a patient to see on Vine Street,—urgent case. There are two doctors right around the corner there."

These two were Dr. Joe and Dr. Henry. To their locality hied the waiter. They were at that moment together in Dr. Joe's office, the other having come to consult Joe about a case of hernia. It was so common a thing for the prosperous doctor to get the advice of this unprosperous one, that Joe, by a small circle of knowing ones, was called the "Silent Partner."

"Want a doctor immediately!" cried the waiter, rushing in. "A man dying! stranger! rich! Hobbs, the great shoe-man."

"Where do you want me to go?" said Dr. Henry, springing to his feet, and taking possession of the case.

"Is that the way they do it?" thought modest Dr. Joe. "Is there snatch and grab in this noble

profession, as when beggars scramble for the pennies tossed in the dirt? This is what they call 'push,' I suppose."

Dr. Henry did not even invite the other doctor to go along. A sudden thought occurred to Joe; he'd make a stand for his rights, not rudely, but as a gentleman. He had been as much indicated in the call as Dr. Henry, and the call had come to his office.

"I, also, will go to see this patient," he said, quietly, "and we can divide the fee, should there be one."

"That would be a strange proceeding," said Dr. Henry, growing red in the face. "I hadn't taken you for one of the elbowing kind."

Dr. Joe smiled quietly, and threw out the reminder that the call had come to his office.

"I don't propose to be euchred out of my rights," said Dr. Henry, with warmth.

At this stage, the patient in dispute, who had been following the waiter from a distance, entered the office, accompanied by a curious crowd. He fell on the floor, the impersonation of distress.

"It's cholera," said the waiter, hurrying into the street.

"Sakes alive!" Dr. Henry ejaculated, backing towards the door. "There's no use for anybody to try to help that man; he'll be dead in less than an hour; he's in the last stages." With this he pushed out of the office with the panic-stricken crowd, rushing from the dangerous patient.

During all this time, the man had been in violent pantomime, shaking his head, working his jaws, pointing into his open mouth. Dr. Joe was kneeling alongside, overlooking him, feeling, asking an occasional question, examining the tongue, etc.

"He hasn't cholera," the doctor announced, at which the last end of the crowd looked back, listening, while the patient motioned as if going wild, so eager was he to give assent.

"His jaw is dislocated," continued the doctor.

Here the patient nodded frantically, his eyes twinkled, and he clapped his hands in applause.

Dr. Joe, with a twinkle in his own brown eyes, hooked two strong thumbs into the gaping mouth, brought his muscle and his science to bear, and soon had the jaw in place.

Straightway Mr. Hobbs went to scolding (of course you know that the cholera-patient was Mr. Hobbs). Though Dr. Joe did not approve of all the hard words which proceeded from the restored organ, he had to own that the provocation had been unusual.

"A miserable pack of idiots!" said the grumbler. "A fascinating set! Cholera! A lot of cowards! Confounded humbugs!"

Dr. Joe suggested that the trouble had not been readily discernible.

"You found it out quick enough," growled Mr. Hobbs, "because you know your business. That fop of a doctor has a bigger practice than you have, without knowing half as much," he continued, looking from Dr. Joe's shabby clothes to the shabby room and furniture.

Dr. Joe admitted that the other man did have a better practice.

"I want a doctor up in my town," grumbled Mr. Hobbs, "a man that knows his business and that'll stand up to it. If you'll go along, I'll take you."

Thereupon, ensued explanations, and then the drawing of papers. The next morning, Dr. Joe went to a new field, where he came in time to realize that he had indeed laid up capital worth any day $20,000.

For the Companion.

A WILY MARAUDER TRAPPED.

There are two kinds of panthers in Texas; one a yellowish gray, the other more tawny, with faint dark spots along its sides and over its back. Some of the older settlers call this latter a "leopard;" but it is not really like the African leopard.

This leopard, so called, often attacks colts and young stock, and will sometimes make a considerable slaughter in a herd.

The other, or panther proper, though nearly or quite as large as the leopard, is ordinarily more shy, preying on wild turkeys and deer; but sometimes when it has taken up its abode near some ranch for a number of years, it comes to be very bold.

With this latter "kind of cat" we had trouble when running a goose ranch in the western part of the State. One of them had lived in the vicinity ever since we settled here. We had seen it running at a distance, just at dusk, and not unfrequently heard it screech wet nights, out in the timber. At first, we thought that panthers were alarmingly plenty, but concluded, after a time, that it was always the same one; and one afternoon I had quite an adventure with it.

I was out trying to ride round a "stray" heifer that left the herd. This was while we kept stock. My mule was named "Maje;" the redskins afterwards stole it from me one night while out turkey-shooting.

The prairie thereabouts is cut up with *arroyas*, and in the bed of these there is always a thick growth of high, coarse grass and grease bushes, which makes a good covert for turkeys and even deer.

I was riding slowly up one of these gullies, to get to windward of the heifer, following the dry bed of the "run," when Maje pricked his ears and turned his head very suddenly to one side, giving such a cant as nearly unseated me

Catching my seat, I glanced round to the right and saw a large panther, its long tail sweeping the ground, trotting leisurely up the side of the gully, scarcely ten yards off. It looked sleek; its coat shone. Altogether it was a beautiful yet savage-looking creature.

When it reached the top of the bank, it turned, facing me, its tiger-like ears erect and its tail switching and quivering with anger.

Maje snorted and backed But I had my pistol-belt on, and managing to get out my revolver, I fired twice at the brute. If Maje would have stood still, I might have hit the animal.

It gave a hissing growl and bounded away. I always knew the old fellow by sight after that.

About our goose pond, which was fifty or sixty acres in extent, we had a thick wire fence, from seven to eight feet in height; and round the pond, inside the fence, were the "goose-houses," where the geese "sat" in the early part of the season, and took refuge with the goslings in too severe weather.

Every night the geese are all driven in here, to be out of harm's way. But in the morning we let them out, to feed on the prairie. Sometimes they will go off a mile.

As soon as they get out, they divide up into flocks of ten or a dozen, each flock with a gander, and go off by themselves. Our business herding them is simply to ride round them, at a distance, and see that they are all right and that nothing gets among them.

Cayotes will sometimes make up to a flock. But if there is a resolute gander, he will drive them off. The ganders of rival flocks occasionally get into a fight, and would worry each other to death if we did not separate them.

When two ganders get to fighting, we catch them and give them both a whipping with switches. They will rarely commit a breach of the peace after that.

Then, too, we have a little goose-dog, named "Lill," that helps us a good deal. For we have got her trained so that she will go trotting round all day from flock to flock, and if anything is going wrong, she will come to us and bark. Very often the "alarms" she gives are rather trifling ones; but there is no harm in keeping a sharp lookout always.

At night we shut her into the inclosure, where she has a box of her own to sleep in. But if anything comes prowling about in the night, she is pretty sure to let us know of it.

The only really disagreeable job about goose farming is the plucking of the feathers, which has to be done five or six times a year; once in from eight to ten weeks. And we get out of that by hiring "greaser women" to do it.

There is a squad of six or seven of these not particularly interesting females who make that their business and go round to solicit the work. Generally by the time the geese are ready to "pick," a frowsy head with a brown puckered old face will be thrust in at the door of our rancho some morning, and a servile, croaking voice will say,—

"*Ganzos desplumar hoy?*" (Any geese to pluck to-day?) And if we do not give them the job that day, they will sit down outside and *wait for the feathers to grow*, actually wait round three or four days. For commonly they have their *frijoles* (a kind of sausage), in a pack with them, and are good for a fortnight's campaign.

One night last fall—I think it was near the last day of October—we were roused by a tremendous commotion in the yard. Going to the door, it seemed as if the whole twenty-nine hundred geese were all squalling at once; squawking and hissing. 'Twas almost deafening. *Quar-quar-quar-quark! Quar-quar-quar-quark!*

In the lulls of the squawking, we could hear poor Lill barking frantically at the little gate in the fence next the rancho. It was cloudy and had been raining. Everything was wet and dripping, and it was very dark.

The geese often get to squalling in the night, from trifling alarms. But the clamor they made that night was plainly from some serious cause.

We rushed on our clothes; and Jed lighted the lantern while I got the carbine. We then ran out. The instant we unfastened the little gate, Lill darted out and ran into the ranch and hid

Jed called to her. But she wouldn't show her nose at the door.

"Must be something pretty big," Jed said; and rather cautiously we went poking about with the lantern and carbine cocked, ready to shoot.

About half the geese had taken to the water; the others were flying and running about; and all the ganders were squawking and "yonking."

Slowly we went round the pond, and had come almost around to where we started, when we stumbled on a goose freshly throttled, and close by it another. Within a dozen yards of these, we found four more, lying dead with their necks bitten. A little farther on, another still lay partly eaten; and, in fact, next day we found that there were several missing.

But we could discover nothing of the marander; and after staying out an hour or more,—going round the pond and firing several times,—we went back to the ranch.

There was no more trouble that night, though once, towards daybreak, I heard two or three geese squall.

Next morning, we searched for tracks, and found plenty of them in the mud round the pond,—large round tracks, as big as the palm of a man's hand, with claw-marks.

We had little doubt that it was a panther or a "leopard," but could not find where it had leaped or crept in, or where it had gone out. But we supposed it had escaped, somehow, when we went out with the lantern.

On letting the geese out that morning, Lill went with them as usual. But when they came in at night, she would not go into the yard with them. Nothing would induce her to.

Jed tossed her in at once. But she darted out past us, whining. We presumed it was because she had received such a fright the night before.

She was too good a dog to whip. We let her go into the rancho with us.

Along in the night there was just such a commotion as broke out the night before. The depredator had come back. We ran out without delay, but saw nothing this time. We, however, found five geese lying throttled; and more were missing—carried off.

The following night we kept watch, taking turns, Jed till one o'clock, and myself till daylight. About three o'clock, I heard a squalling and running about the bank of the pond, and had a glimpse of a large creature bounding away by the water's edge. But I immediately lost sight of it behind one of the goose-sheds. Four geese were killed that night, in spite of all my care and patient watchfulness.

A WILY MARAUDER TRAPPED.

But next night Jed had no better luck while acting as sentinel. The animal killed five geese, not fifteen rods from where he was sitting, and got off with two of them; escaped out of his sight, somewhere.

This disturbance and loss went on for a week. We were at our wits' end; four or five geese would be killed every night, even when we were in the yard! We concluded that the creature jumped the fence.

During the day we hunted for it, and "beat" all the arroyas and all the timber for four or five miles round, in hopes to secure the animal and to shoot it. But we could not find its lair.

A settler named Miller, who lived eighteen or twenty miles to the east of us, had a bull-dog that would pull down anything, it was said, in the way of game.

We thought if we could get that dog, we might hunt the creature and find its haunt. Jed set off one morning on Maje; and about three that afternoon, he came back with Miller and "Prince," as the dog was called.

It was a fine great sleek English bull, brindled, and with a tail like a spike. I think I never saw a thicker, heavier muzzle on a dog; and he had a terrible eye.

He was rather tired with his long run from Miller's place; but to get him used to the yard before dark, we turned him into it to run about directly after he had been fed.

The dog knew something was expected of him; he coursed round the pond, found the spots where the geese had been killed, and snuffed them.

Meantime, I was getting up supper; and Jed and Miller were looking to their mules. Suddenly the dog challenged savagely. I ran to the door.

"He's found the track, I guess," said Jed.

"He's found something more than a track!" exclaimed Miller, dashing in past me for his rifle.

We all three seized our guns and ran into the goose-yard. Prince was barking under one of the sheds, near the place where all the geese had been killed. Under this shed were set three or four of the "goose-houses," in which the geese had sat on their eggs, each in size about six feet by three. Each had a sloping roof to keep out the rain.

We were within a few steps of the shed when a large panther dashed out with a hiss and an angry growl, and went bounding off! I knew the old chap the instant I set my eye on him.

But he jumped out so suddenly that we were none of us ready to shoot.

Prince leaped after him, and in a moment was betwixt us and the panther. Round by the fence they went. We thought the animal would jump out.

But it did not. Prince was almost able to seize it at every leap.

We now ran round the pond to head them. First Miller, then I, fired, as soon as they came round side to us. We missed. But Jed, running up nearer as they came farther round, fired at close hauls; and with this shot, the panther turned a complete somersault in the air, and tumbling against the fence, *clawed* up the side of it, and then fell in a heap on the outside. Jed's bullet had struck its left shoulder, and gone through its body and out, breaking the right shoulder-bone. We ran round and out at the gate. The panther had rolled a hundred yards or more before we could reach and despatch it.

The brute was so sleek and fat that its coat fairly glistened. It had fared sumptuously on goose.

The sly beast had never once left the yard after getting in at first. It had lived in one of those goose-houses; and we had never once thought of looking in so small a box for it.

That was the reason it had seemed to disappear so mysteriously when we caught sight of it by night.

There could have been but barely room for it to squeeze itself into the box; but it had crept in there and taken its prey in with it.

There was a mass of feathers and bones in the bottom of the box six or eight inches deep. We had been in the shed a dozen times while it was snugly ensconced there; it must have lain very quiet, watching us. Altogether, we had lost sixty-eight geese by it.

No doubt Lill knew the panther was there in the goose-house; and that was the reason we could not get her to stop in the yard.

For the Companion.

LEADVILLE.

Every one hears of Leadville, the city that has arisen out of the wilderness in so short a time,—the great carbonate camp in which some men have made themselves millionaires, while others have toiled on in the rugged mountain sides, hoping that each stroke of the pick would reveal to them a mineral belt in which all fortunes are found.

Two years ago there was no Leadville, and to-night I look from my window down on crowded streets full of all the activity that is not known in the larger Eastern cities.

The city is situated at an altitude of ten thousand three hundred feet above sea level, and on the western side of Bald Mountain. On the east, towering grandly, the snow-crowned peaks of the Musquito Range lift their heads high up above us, while on the south and west is the Main, or Snowy Range, that separates the rivers of the continent; this range is sometimes called the "Backbone of the Continent."

This county was the scene of the great gold excitement in 1859 and '60. It is estimated that twenty thousand persons were here then, and placer mining was carried on to a very large extent. Several millions of dollars in gold were secured, and then the supply became exhausted, and the seekers of wealth sought more promising fields, not knowing of the rich treasures just below their feet, and it was not until the fall of 1877 that the value of hard and soft carbonates became understood through what is roughly termed a "grub stake," the meaning of which title I will explain.

When some of the miners become so poor that they are not able to furnish the necessary tools and "grub" with which to "go prospecting," a third party of sufficient means offers to furnish tools and provisions on condition that he be given a certain interest in anything that may be found.

In the spring of 1878 Geo. Hook and August Rische secured a "grub stake" from H. A. W. Sabor, who is an ex-Governor, but was at that time the proprietor of a small grocery store in the little village of Oro. The discovery of the famous "Little Pittsburg" mine was the result of the "grub stake" referred to, and Hook and Rische became independent, while Sabor is one of the richest men in the State, and the net profit of the mine has paid to its owners more than one million dollars.

Then came from the east and the west, from the north and the south, multitudes of eager, expectant men, ready to give up their comfortable homes and endure the privations of a new mining camp in the midst of cheerless mountains, and the wearisome toil of a "prospector," if a lucky stroke of the pick would only reveal to them the beds of rich mineral that were now known to lie hidden in the gray and rugged mountains.

In this eager race for fortune there are no conditions of wealth and superior intelligence in favor of the lucky ones. The poorest and most ignorant man, provided with a shovel and pick, has equal chances with the man of wealth, or the learned graduate who can give in wonderful geological terms all the formations of the earth.

The precious deposits are found in so many different conditions, and there is so little similarity in different sections, that no set rule or indication can be relied on.

Sometimes ore is found within fifteen feet of the surface, and within four hundred yards of that place it may be necessary to go down three hundred feet before the "indications" are found that assure the toilers that the reward of their labor is near at hand.

The cost of producing ore does not exceed fifteen per cent. of its value, and one wagon load of the precious mineral has contained six thousand dollars in silver.

A visit to the mines is to a "tender-foot" (newcomer) fraught with much interest.

One afternoon recently I had the pleasure of going down into the Morning Star, a mine from which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been taken. There were several ladies in the party, and while the majority of them shrank with trembling from the mouth of the deep shaft, one fearless young lady, born and bred in the mountains, asked the foreman of the works if she might not go down in the mine with me.

The request was one never before made by a lady, as this is one of the deepest mines, and few ladies would have the courage to make the descent into it by the means provided.

"It is two hundred and seventy-five feet to the bottom, and there is no way for a lady to go down excepting to put one foot in the bucket and hang on to the rope," said the foreman.

But this information did not daunt the young lady in the least, and the foreman gave his consent for her to descend with me.

We put one foot in the bucket used for bringing up ore, held on to the heavy rope with both hands, and, the signal having been given, we went down, and soon the opening above us became the merest speck of daylight, and we began to see the lights at the bottom of the mine. Soon the bucket struck the bottom, and we were escorted through the perfect network of "drifts" and tunnels that had been dug out in the search for ore.

Unlike a coal mine, the drifts of this mine we were in were not timbered, and in some places the ore had been dug out to a distance of twenty-five feet above us, and men on scaffolds were still digging. The mine was not unlike a great honeycomb, so many and intricate were its tunnels and drifts, some of them not more than ten feet long.

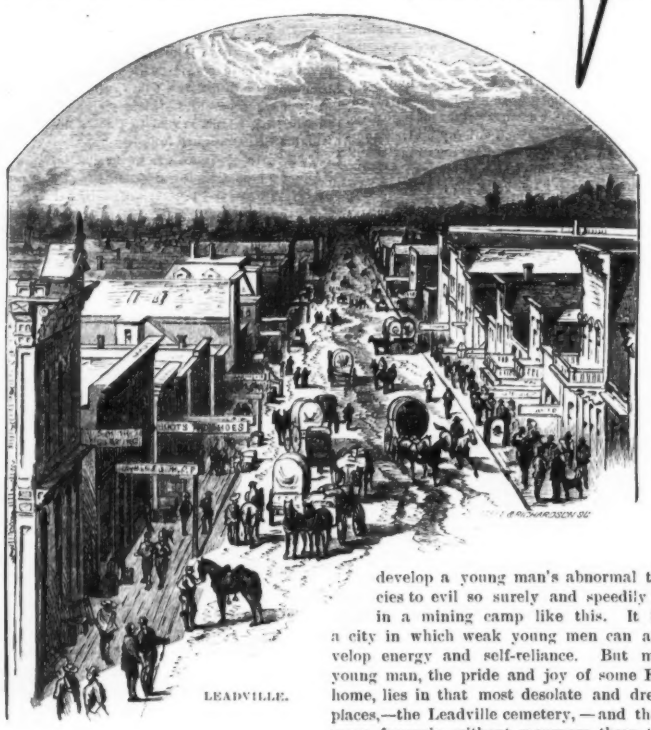
Leadville is now a city of more than twenty thousand souls, and probably there has never been assembled together twenty thousand gayer, jollier, or more reckless souls. The people do "eat, drink and be merry," and on the morrow some of the gayest and gladdest ones are dead.

Sunday is a kind of high carnival, for then the miners come down from their dreary homes on the mountain sides to lay in their weekly store of provisions, and to make the day one of merriment in the dance and gambling halls.

Almost within sound of the congregation singing,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

a thousand men sit at keno and faro tables, hearing only the "call" of the keno dealers, and closing their hearts and their ears to the more earnest voice that bids them to remember that their souls' interests are of more value than silver or gold.



LEADVILLE.

There are four small churches in the city, and one of the finest cathedrals in the State is being built by the Catholics. The finishing touches are being given to one of the richest opera houses in the West, and were it not for the bright yellow of *all* the buildings that proclaims their newness, one might suppose the city to be twenty instead of two years old.

It is surprising to see how regular and even the streets are, when we remember how suddenly the city sprang up

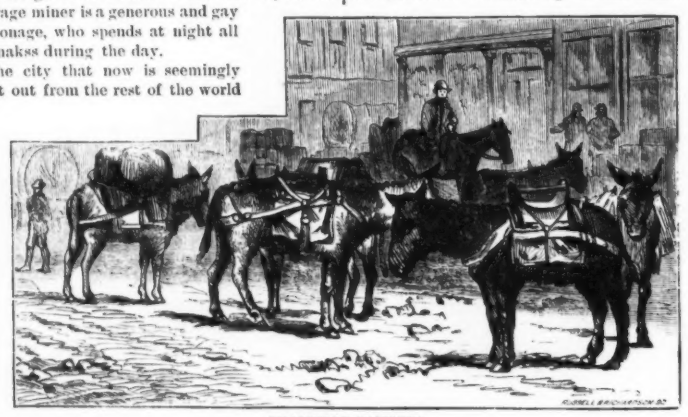
Harrison Avenue, State and Chestnut are the principal streets, and it is on these thoroughfares that the greatest multitudes are seen. Broadway, N. Y., cannot be more thronged than Harrison Avenue just after sunset. It is a gay, merry and motley crowd one finds there. Every face wears an animated look, and sympathetic souls are not annoyed by the sight of thinly-clad and suffering beggars pleading for alms.

There are seemingly no poor people here, all have enough to eat and wear, and I have never seen a beggar on the street.

The inevitable organ-grinder and monkey are to be seen there, and the man without legs, but they are all gay and jolly and well-dressed (the monkey included).

Life in Leadville tends to prodigality and the squandering of one's substance, and the people seem to have no fear of a "rainy day." In case of a deluge some of them would suffer, for the average miner is a generous and gay personage, who spends at night all he makss during the day.

The city that now is seemingly shut out from the rest of the world by walls of rock will, through man's ingenuity and skill, soon be connected with its sister cities by the Denver and South Park railroad, that has slowly crept during the summer through glades and glens, and up and around the seemingly impassable mountain sides, and down into the South Park, to within thirty miles of Leadville.



LEADVILLE DONKEYS.

A ride over this road, when completed, will reveal to the traveller some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in America, and when he gets into Leadville, if he be a neophyte with fine garments, whose ways proclaim that he is "from back East" and full of a modest conceit, he will ere long discover that he is simple "as other men are." Or, if he be some tenderly reared and guileless mother's boy, who has left home and friends to make a fortune for himself, he must let his one cry be, "Lead us not into temptation," to successfully resist all the influences of this sin-ridden city, for everything has a flavor of wickedness, and nothing would be apt to so soon develop a young man's abnormal tendencies to evil so surely and speedily as life in a mining camp like this. It is also a city in which weak young men can also develop energy and self-reliance. But many a young man, the pride and joy of some Eastern home, lies in that most desolate and dreary of places,—the Leadville cemetery,—and there are more funerals without mourners there than in any graveyard in the West. You would not suppose that the express wagon clattering so merrily over the stones, with a whistling son of Nimshi holding the reins, was a Leadville funeral train, and yet that is often what it is.

J. L. HARBOUR.

THE "UNIT" AND "TWO-THIRDS" RULES.

No more interesting political question has been considered this year than that which was decided, probably forever, by the Republican National Convention at Chicago, touching the "unit rule." The meaning of the phrase is very simple. A State Convention instructs the delegates from that State to vote "as a unit."

To illustrate: Kentucky is entitled to twenty-four delegates, and, of course, to twenty-four votes in this Convention. These delegates are instructed to vote as a unit on all questions that may arise. On the first question that comes up to be decided in the Convention, twenty of these delegates, if allowed to vote in accordance with their individual opinions, would be on one side, and four on the other.

Now if the unit rule was respected, the vote of Kentucky would be twenty-four in favor of the motion, and not one against it. If it was disregarded, there would be twenty in the affirmative and four in the negative.

The question, then, is whether each delegate is entitled to his own opinion and his own vote, or whether he is merely a member of a State Delegation, every member of which must vote as the majority direct. Put in another way, it is whether the Convention is made up of individual members, or of State Delegations. This question was raised both in 1868 and in 1876, and on both occasions it was decided in favor of individual rights. But on neither former occasion was the contest over it so heated, nor were the consequences of a decision so important, as they have been this year.

On the decision at the late Convention rested the votes of more than sixty delegates, from the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and others. The result would have been completely changed on the very first test vote if the delegations from New York, Pennsylvania and Kentucky had each voted as a unit. That is to say, a minority of the delegates in the Convention would have ruled the majority.

Individual rights were first secured by the action of the President of the Convention,—Senator Hoar,—who directed the votes of four Kentucky delegates to be received; and afterwards by the formal adoption by the Convention of a rule which secured to all the delegates the privilege of voting for themselves when their votes had not been announced by the Chairman of a Delegation.

The Democrats also have their peculiar rule in their National Convention. Whereas, a majority of the delegates to a Republican National Convention is sufficient to make a nomination, a candidate for the Presidential Chair must receive two-thirds of all the votes in a Democratic Convention.

But for this rule, Mr. Van Buren would have been a candidate for a second term in 1844, when Mr. Polk was nominated and elected; and Mr. Douglas would have been nominated as the sole Democratic candidate in 1860.

The question was put to the Democratic voters of the country this year whether they desired the two-thirds rule to be adhered to or abandoned. The State and District Conventions throughout the country have been expressing themselves on this subject, and so far as we have seen, the judgment of the party is unanimously in favor of maintaining the rule.

It has its advantages and its disadvantages. On the one hand, it prevents a bare majority of the Convention from imposing a candidate upon the party, but on the other, it gives a great opportunity to the enemies of the leading candidate, if he is a strong and able man, for such a public man can hardly fail to have made enemies.

It thus encourages the practice of nominating obscure men, who are able to get the required two-thirds votes because nobody can say anything against them. But the Democrats have weighed the matter, and agree to take this risk rather than to be led into bad nominations by a whirl of popular enthusiasm.

For the Companion.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ah! Phantom pale, why hast thou come with pace
Thus slow, and such sad, deprecating eyes?
What! dost thou dream *thy* presence could surprise
One the born vassal of thy realm and race?
I looked in boyhood on thy clouded face;
In youth, disevered from all cordial ties,
Heard the deep echoes of thy murmured sighs
In many a shadowy, grief-enshrouded place;—
Therefore, O sombre Genius, be not coy!
When have we dwelt so alien and apart
I could not faintly feel thy muffled heart?
Till even, should hope's fruition softly shine,
I well might deem beneath the mask of Joy
Lurked that sad brow, those twilight eyes of thine!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

The Republican National Convention held at Chicago during the first week in June nominated for President of the United States, Gen. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and for Vice-President, Mr. Chester A. Arthur, of New York. The Convention was the most protracted the Republican party has ever held, having lasted a whole week; and Gen. Garfield was only nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot.

Gen. Garfield was born in the township of Orange, Ohio, fifteen miles from Cleveland, on November 19, 1831. Both his father and his mother were of New England stock, though his father removed to Ohio from New York. James was the youngest of four children.

The family was poor, and the father died when James was less than two years old. The boy worked hard on the farm, and in the winter at a carpenter's bench. He hired out as a driver of horses on the Ohio canal, and later had the honor of steering a canal boat.

Having a strong desire to obtain an education, he entered an academy, and supported himself by working at carpentering morning and evening and during vacations, and by teaching school in the winter. He even saved some money which was a help to him in college.

He entered the junior class of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., in the autumn of 1854, and graduated with honor in 1856. Having, before entering college, been connected with the denomination of Disciples, or Campbellites, he was immediately chosen professor in the little college of the denomination, at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio; and two years afterwards was chosen President of the college.

In 1859 he was chosen a member of the Ohio Senate. In 1861, when the war broke out, he was active in passing the acts for organizing the militia, and was chosen Colonel of the 42nd Ohio regiment. His army service was highly honorable. He was very soon in command of a brigade, served through the Western campaigns, and was made a Major-General for his services at the Battle of Chickamauga.

While he was absent in the field he was nominated and elected to Congress without his consent having been asked or given. From that time to this,—from 1863 to 1880,—he has continued to represent the district; but last winter he was chosen, by the Legislature of Ohio, a United States Senator for the six years' term beginning March 4, 1881.

In Congress, Gen. Garfield has made steady progress, gaining every year more and more the respect and esteem of his associates and the confidence of the country. He is known to have a conscience, and to be guided by it. He has large abilities, wide experience, the thorough training of a scholar, and great industry.

In his public life, he has made few enemies. His manner in debate is pleasing, and he rarely or never uses sarcasm, or utters a word that can cause the most sensitive to take offence. In private he is no less esteemed. He married, while a college professor, a former classmate, and has an interesting family.

He went to the Chicago Convention as a member of it, in order to promote the nomination of Mr. Sherman. By no act of his own, when it was discovered that neither Gen. Grant, nor Mr. Blaine, nor his own candidate, Mr. Sherman, could be nominated, his name was suggested, and he was chosen by a large majority.

His associate on the Republican ticket is Mr. Arthur,—a gentleman who has never held any other office than that of Collector of the Port of New York. He is by profession a lawyer, and was unknown in politics until he was appointed to the collectorship by President Grant.

But he has shown much ability in practical politics, and has wielded large powers in New York State for some years.

The "ticket" appears to give good satisfaction to the party that has put it in the field.

"INVISIBLE FIRE."

An English gentleman discovered that the fame of electricity as a curative power had penetrated Persia.

While tarrying at Shiraz, on business connected with the overland telegraph, he was visited by a Persian noble. Having received a paralytic stroke in his left shoulder and arm, the nobleman came to inquire if the Englishman's invisible fire (electricity) would not cure him.

He had heard that there were magicians in England, who cured all diseases by the aid of this fire. The Englishman, having moderated the Persian's expectations by remarking that the statement was an exaggeration, accompanied him to the office of the telegraph.

A powerful battery had just been prepared, and the officer in charge readily consented to operate upon the paralyzed arm. To the two poles of the battery a copper wire was attached, and at the extremity of each wire a dampened sponge. The Persian was instructed to tightly grasp one of the sponges in his paralyzed arm. Timidly complying, he was astonished to feel no sensation.

"Wait a moment," said the Englishman, clapping the other sponge on the man's shoulder. With a leap and a yell, he bounded out of the room, amid the uproarious laughter of the officials.

All Shiraz was excited, the next day, at the shock the nobleman had received. Though it effected a partial cure, the frightened man refused to submit to a second application of the "invisible fire." One shock was sufficient, for, he declared, all the stars of the heavens were visible to him in that awful moment.

He would visit the telegraph office and look with awe at the "fire" machines. Mournfully shaking his head, he would depart without uttering a word.

Another Persian, whose curiosity conquered his fear, while examining the telegraph, touched one of the terminals of the machine. As he felt no sensation, he laid his hand on the other terminal. A sudden yell and a backward jump were the result.

The man told his companions, in an awe-struck tone, that he had been bitten by the genii of the machine. The Englishman attempted to explain the operation, but his words did not disturb, in the least, the Persian's credulity.

LONG OR SHORT VACATIONS.

Long, of course, say all the children. Two months, at least, say the tired teachers. For once, teachers and pupils are in perfect accord. The vote is unanimous, and there are no dissenters.

But there is actually a movement to return to the old-fashioned vacation of two weeks in August. In some parts of Canada, we see the teachers have much trouble to get the whole month for a rest. Among ourselves there is a strong pressure brought to bear upon school committees in some counties to shorten the vacation.

A father says, "My boy bathes in the river seven times a day when he is out of school, and plays himself to death; he is never sick except when school is closed." A poor laboring mother cries, "What! are my four children to be thrown on my hands the whole summer?" A man of business declares, "In thirty years, I have not had a vacation of ten days, and yet six weeks are not enough for the teachers!"

We see there are two sides to this question. It is certainly desirable to keep children from running wild, and yet both they and their teachers need change and rest. It may be found best, in the course of time, or even now in some places, to hold a sort of picnic every morning during the heat of summer at and around the schoolhouse. The girls could bring their sewing, the boys their pencils, and all of them their singing-books. Avoiding hard lessons and all the usual routine, the school could spend the morning in singing, sewing, drawing, reading, and listening to reading.

Such a plan would be more agreeable to the parents and children than to the teacher. For teachers need and must have rest.

THE PLANET MERCURY.

This swift-footed member of the solar brotherhood will be an evening star during the month of July, and this is one of the three favorable times during the year when the fiery little planet may be picked up by a bright-eyed observer. Mercury is so close to the sun, and moves so rapidly, that he never sets more than two hours and a few minutes after the sun, or rises by more than that interval before him.

His apparent motion, as seen from the earth, is alternately from west to east, and east to west, in nearly straight lines, the extreme points being called his elongations. He is now on the east side of the

sun, and will reach, on Tuesday, the 6th of July, his greatest eastern elongation, or most favorable position for observation.

During the week before and after this period, he may be looked for in the western sky about an hour after sunset, not far from the point where the sun went down. It is no easy thing to see this brilliant star, which is shy of showing itself to mortal eyes. Many astronomers have died without the sight. Copernicus, who discovered that the sun was in the centre of the system, and that the planets revolved around him, never saw Mercury, though he often looked for him. But patient observation and bright eyes will catch a glimpse of the planet as he rolls on in his course nearest to the sun.

If the atmosphere be clear and the sky cloudless Mercury can be found, and when once seen will never be forgotten. He shines with a peculiar brilliancy on the still, bright sky, with which few stars can be compared when seen under the same light, and is so perfectly distinct, when once his place is found, that the observer cannot understand how he manages to escape detection from the undirected eye.

Among the shining orbs that stud the sky, the planets have a special interest. They are our brothers and sisters, born at the same time, pursuing the same course, and travelling to the same incomprehensible goal. Who will catch the first sight of the smallest member of the system, famed for his amazing swiftness, and his wondrous supply of heat and light?

A SAD CHANGE.

A manufacturing population tends steadily downward, at least to a fearfully low level.

It was long supposed that the United States were going to prove an exception in this respect. Thirty years ago our factory girls were above the average of females in intelligence, refinement, benevolence and general character.

Indeed, many of them were simply accumulating means for the completion of their education at the higher seminaries. Dickens and other English travellers looked on them with amazement. The *Lowell Offering*, a magazine conducted wholly by the operatives, commanded universal esteem.

But already this happy condition is passing away. The greed of corporations asks only for profits. No matter how low the grade of workers, provided only the work is done. The life may be early crushed out of the employed, but are not their places kept always full?

The poorer and more dependent they are, the more ready they will be to let their children work in the mill when they should be at school, or out in the sunshine at play. If things go on as they are now, it is only a question of time when the manufacturing population of New England shall be as hopelessly degraded as that of Old England.

It is evident that it behooves the State to stand between the corporations and their operatives. It owes this to its own welfare. It cannot do everything, but what it can it should do with a strong hand and a persistent will.

It can secure to children their right to a proper education, and their exemption from labor that shall dwarf them in body and brain. It can limit the hours of labor for all to what is physically safe. It can, by means of qualified and honest inspectors, keep a sharp eye on all the inherent abuses of the system.

PAYING COLLEGE EXPENSES.

Young men who have to work their own way through college receive an extra education, which is often more valuable than the teaching of president and professor. Their wits are sharpened to find out ways of earning money, and of saving it by stern economy.

Lyman Beecher tells an amusing story of his senior year. It was near the close of the year, and while expenses were heavy, his purse was empty, and a note was due which had been given for borrowed money. The butler of the College (Yale) resigned six weeks before Commencement. Beecher, seeing his opportunity, bought out the man's stock for three hundred dollars, and went into the business in dead earnest.

He bought a load of watermelons and cantelopes, and trundled them over the college green in a wheelbarrow. The rich students laughed at him for being his own servant, but bought his melons. He traded in other commodities. Lyman made a capital trader, and was amazed at his own success. He cleared enough in the six weeks to pay the butler for his goods, to take up the note for borrowed money, to meet all Commencement expenses, and to graduate with one hundred dollars in his pocket. The same intense earnestness made him successful in the pulpit.

BRILLIANT, BUT UNHAPPY.

Readers of Lever's amusing novels would imagine their author to have been of sunny temperament and joyous heart. The fun that sparkles in them is of the most rollicking kind. But the biography of Charles Lever shows that the gay writing was often a reaction from a profound despondency.

Lever was a genuine Bohemian, without principle or any serious aim in life. An inveterate gambler, fond of carousal, he wasted health and money, and made no provision for the future. His income as an author was sometimes fifteen thousand dollars a year, but it was all spent in dissipation. Curious as it may seem, we learn that he did not like writing, and resorted to it only as a necessity. It cost too much hard labor for one of his temperament, and when his works were finished, he had not patience to correct them. It is not pleasant to read such a biography of a writer of brilliant gifts.

DISPLAY OF KNOWLEDGE.

In a crowded city street a ill-natured mastiff seized a little dog by the throat, and threatened to strangle him. A crowd soon gathered, full of sympathy for the little sufferer and of anger against the mastiff. Words and blows were freely used to compel him to let go his hold, and stones and clubs were brought in as additional arguments. But the ugly brute held on the more tenaciously, and the case of the poor little dog seemed hopeless.

When everybody was at his wit's ends, a dandy, exquisitely dressed, happened along. Looking with a sort of contempt on the mongrel crowd, he said, in a consequential tone, "Leave him to me." The laugh was general at his expense.

But with admirable coolness, drawing from his pocket a golden snuff-box, he held two or three pinches of snuff under the nose of the mastiff. While the mouth was closed, the mastiff could breathe only through the nostrils. In a moment the snuff did its work. The brute began sneezing vigorously, dropped the little dog, and, half-frightened, took to his heels. The dandy, looking round complacently on the crowd said, "Knowledge is power," and went on his way.

PAT AND WITTY.

Some of the sayings of that pious but witty English clergyman, the Rev. Rowland Hill, were remarkable for hitting the nail on the head. Not another blow was needed to drive it home:

Being very much grieved at the conduct of some of his congregation, who were frequently unpunctual, he once offered the following prayer,—

"O Lord, bless those who are in their places, have mercy upon those who are on the road, and save those who are getting ready to come."

He once said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach it in its fulness,—

"He preaches the truth as a donkey mumbles a thistle,—*very cautiously*."

On a wet day a number of persons took shelter in his chapel, during a heavy shower, while he was preaching; he remarked, "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a *cloak*, but I do not think that those are much better who make it an *umbrella*."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, he saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! there is *motion*, but no *progress*."

A professed Christian, who was addicted to drinking, asked him impertinently, "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, that a glass of spirits would drive religion out of my heart?" "No," he answered, "for there is none in it."

A lady who professed religion, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to him, "Oh, I am afraid lest, after all, I should not be saved." "I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mr. Hill, "for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you."

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH-BED.

Talleyrand, the witty French diplomatist, was a bad man. For years he had lived as if there was neither conscience nor God in the world. Though an ordained priest of the Roman Church, his life was scandalous. Chevalier Wikoff tells how he died:

On my arrival I found the name of Talleyrand in everybody's mouth. He had just died, and the varied incidents of his extraordinary career were related and discussed by every class and at every corner.

His reconciliation to the church astounded everybody. Excommunicated long years before, he had got on so successfully whilst under the ban that no one supposed he cared to make it up with the pope at the last moment.

His niece, the Duchess de Dino, whom he adored, induced him to abjure his naughtiness, and reënter the fold.

When his recovery was hopeless, the king paid him a visit. Talleyrand rallied in the royal presence, and declared "this was the greatest honor ever conferred upon his house."

His majesty asked him if he was in much pain.

"Yes," he replied. "I am suffering the torments of the damned." "Already!" said the king, almost unconsciously.

The dying man smiled faintly at this *bon mot*, that might have been his own.

A day or two later, when he was sinking fast, a priest whispered in his ear that the archbishop of Paris had said "he would give his life to save him."

Talleyrand, with difficulty, replied, "He might make a better use of it." These were his last words.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW.

Col. T. A. Scott, who recently resigned the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went to housekeeping in 1847 on fifty dollars a month. The *Press* tells the anecdote as an illustration of the acuteness of the railway king:

A distinguished lawyer who was counsel in an important railway suit prepared a statement and argument with unusual care, and believing them invincible, visited Col. Scott for further consultation.

The man of affairs listened to every detail without uttering a word; and when the lawyer asked, "What do you think of my presentment of the case?" he gave that learned counsel an answer which startled him.

"It is perfect and unanswerable," he said, "in every respect except one"—and then he proceeded to point out an omission or defect which would have rendered all the lawyer's labor useless.

The latter, seeing it at a glance, said he had never been so heartily ashamed of any of his own shortcomings as of his failure to notice, after his painstaking studies, the special point which his client instantly detected.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

The needs of a growing country give rise to a great variety of labor-saving machines, which prove that "necessity is the mother of invention."

The list of these inventions which are used the world over, and which are in their origin distinctively American, is already large, and increasing every year by the labors of such men as Thomas Edison. There are, at least, fifteen of these inventions, or discoveries, which we may enumerate with a pardonable pride, as triumphs of American genius:

First, the cotton gin; second, the planing machine; third, the grass mower and grain reaper; fourth, the rotary printing press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, hot air or caloric engine; seventh, the sewing machine; eighth, the India rubber industry; ninth, the machine for manufacture of horse shoes; tenth, the sand blast for carving; eleventh, the gange lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial ice manufacture on a large scale; fourteenth, the electro-magnet and its practical application; fifteenth, the composing machine for printers.

A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

One of the kindest-hearted of men was the late Isaac T. Hopper, a member of the Society of Friends. His fondness for practical chemistry is illustrated by the following anecdote:

When he met a boy with a dirty face and hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer no.

"Well, then," said Friend Hopper, "I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment. Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly upon thy hands and thy face. Thee has no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment. I advise thee to go home and make it."

NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE,
Canandaigua, N. Y.

A Summer School. Third Season, from July 7 to Aug. 10.

A delightful summer resort. Good board at low prices. The instruction of ten eminent musicians, including **W. H. Sherwood,** Piano, **Eugene Thayer,** Organ, **Harry Wheeler,** Voice, **L. H. Sherwood,** Theory. A full course not equalled anywhere outside the largest cities, for only $15.00, including at least 15 piano, organ, song, violin and 'cello recitals. All interested in music should send for circular to WM. H. SHERWOOD, Director, 157 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

TUFTS COLLEGE.

Four Miles from Boston. Founded in 1854.

Offers to young men seeking a collegiate education the advantages of a first-class institution, in the most favorable of localities, without large attendant expense. Each of the **ten** departments is in charge of an experienced professor. The demands of modern education, especially in the sciences and modern languages, are fully recognized. College charges ($100 annually) are remitted to young men of promise whose limited means may require it. A copy of the catalogue will be sent upon application to

CHAS. E. FAY, *Sec.*, COLLEGE HILL, MASS.

Billerica Family School for Boys,
BILLERICA, MASS.,

(B. & L. R. R., twenty miles from Boston). Is designed to be Home School of the very first order in all respects. Call at school, or send for circular. M. C. MITCHELL, A. M., Prin.

MUSIC TEACHERS, send for circular of the six weeks' Summer session of the Ohio Normal Music School. In methods of instruction, eminent instructors, and in every regard, this school is unrivalled. There are several features which make it exceedingly desirable to teachers. Address N. COE STEWART, Cleveland, Ohio.

POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse, but of the blood. Deprived of its richness, it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anemia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat diseases and consumption, are among the common results. Therefore, if you are a sufferer from thin, poor blood, do not hesitate, but employ Golden Medical Discovery, which enriches the blood and radically cures these affections by striking at the root of the evil and removing the cause.

For all bronchial, throat, and lung affections, severe lingering coughs, weak lungs, consumption in its early stages, asthma and kindred affections, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the sovereign remedy, and has outrivalled all its competitors. It is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. Druggists sell it.

A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

Vitalized Phosphates give relief in the insufficient bodily or mental growth of children; feed the brain and nerves; prevent fretfulness; give quiet rest and sleep. An ill-fed brain learns no lessons, and is excusable if peevish. F. Crosby, 666 6th Ave., New York. By Druggists or mail $1.

DR. KENNEDY'S PRAIRIE WEED

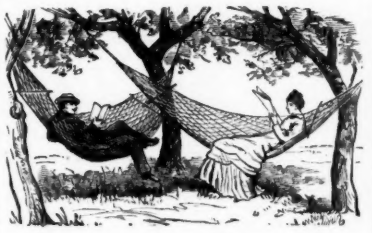
is warranted to cure nearly every cough, from the worst Consumption down to the slightest tickling in the throat. No matter what causes the cough, the Prairie Weed will cure it. Asthma, Bronchitis, Bleeding, and all weakness of the Throat and Lungs yield to this new remedy. The Prairie Herbs are not used in any other medicine, and this has cured the most desperate cases of Consumption, Kidney troubles and nervous prostration. Few people know how much worse a cough is from a weak state of the nerves; the Prairie Weed cures both troubles at once, and a quiet sleep, smooth throat, and easy stomach give the sufferer new hopes and new life. Full directions on every bottle. Price $1. Sold by Druggists. Made by

DONALD KENNEDY, Roxbury, Mass.

IMPROVED
UNION WEB HAMMOCKS.

The Union Web Hammocks have been greatly improved since last year. The web is larger and stronger, and the rings are nickel-plated.

Order your Hammock as soon as possible, and you will have it ready for the hot and sultry days of July and August.



The value of a hammock in a family, or as an auxiliary to camp life, cannot be over-estimated. As a promoter of healthful recreation and amusement, it has no equal. Used in the house, on the lawn, at the seashore, or in any other situation, it is a continual source of satisfaction to its owner, yielding a rich return in solid comfort and enjoyment.

Style B B is ten feet long, has a six foot bed, and is warranted to sustain 500 pounds' weight. It is variegated in color, has nickel-plated rings, and is very handsome. If you wish to enjoy the warm afternoons and evenings, you can best do it in a Union Web Hammock.

Price, including the payment of postage by us, $1.25.

Style A B is twelve feet long and twelve feet wide, and is made from web somewhat finer than Style B B. Price, including the payment of postage by us, $2.50.

Style A A is the best hammock we offer, and will excel the finest imported hammocks. Price, including the payment of postage by us, $3.50.

This cut shows one of the meshes of the Union Web Hammock with **safety knots.** This makes the hammock very strong, and not likely to break or unravel, like the imported or Mexican grass hammocks.

TO THE TRADE.

Correspondence solicited from the trade. We sell these hammocks at manufacturers' prices.

PERRY MASON & CO.,
Publishers of the *Youth's Companion.*
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

ESTEY ORGAN

Everywhere known and prized for **S**kill and fidelity in manufacture, **T**asteful and excellent improvements, **E**legant variety of designs, **Y**ielding unrivaled tones.

Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

J. ESTEY & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

HUNT BROS., New England Gen'l Agents,
608 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for catalogue.

14-STOP ORGANS.

Stool, Book and Music, boxed and shipped **only $85.** New Pianos **$195** to **$1600.** Before you buy an instrument be sure to see his midsummer offer; **illustrated free.** Address **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.**

MADAME CLARK'S
EXTRA LONG OR
Abdominal Corset.

This Corset is intended for stout or fully developed ladies, and combines with beauty of form, ease and comfort beyond any Corset made. We use the best quality of soft-dressed materials, and do not starch or iron our Corsets; consequently they wear better, and are easy and comfortable when first put on. We use side steels to prevent the bones from breaking; and having no bones in the bust, which is supported by the shoulder-straps, they are healthful and delightful to wear. When desired for summer wear, we will make them of single cloth, and put bones in the bust, and leave off the shoulder-straps. Price in Satteen, $2.50; in Coutille, $3.50. Sent by mail to any part of the country, postpaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, give waist measure over dress. Lady Agents and Canvassers Wanted. Mention this paper.

GEORGE FROST & CO.,
287 Devonshire Street, - - Boston, Mass.

RIDGE'S FOOD — **For Infants & Invalids,** Used in Hospitals, by Matrons, Physicians and Mothers everywhere. A ready-cooked food, and therefore suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. 35cts. and upwards. WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

ASTHMA.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy.—Prepared from a German recipe obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It alleviated this disorder in his case when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of a purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; an infant may take it with perfect safety. Send for circular to JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Manufacturers and Proprietors, Boston.

The superiority of **Burnett's Flavoring Extracts** consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

PUZZOLINE!

Far superior to anything known for mending Crockery, Glassware, Antique and Expensive China, Furniture, and elegant Ornaments of every kind. Always ready. No heat or clamps required. Large bottles, with cap and brush, for only 25 cents. Send stamp for circular.

THE PUZZOLINE CO.,
85 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

EUREKA SILVER LUSTRE.

The very best for polishing Gold, Silver, Nickel, Glass &c. **Larger Boxes. Better Goods.** And not only will polish with less labor, but preserves the lustre and prevents tarnishing. Sent to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents. The rapidity with which the demand for the goods of this company has increased has no parallel. Ask your Grocer for them, if you want the best. Manufactured by **THE PUZZOLINE CO., 85 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.** Send stamp for circular.

MRS. JULYE MYERS'
DRAWING AND HEALING SALVE.

A wonderful cure for Carbuncles, Felons of the worst nature, Abscesses, Piles, Ringworms, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ulcers, Chilblains, Poisoned Flesh, Inflamed Joints, Soft and Ulcerated Corns, Cuts, Burns and Flesh wounds. Also, Chronic Sores of long standing. Physicians acknowledge its great efficacy. **Mrs. Julye Myers' Drawing and Healing Salve may be obtained of any Apothecary. Price 25 or 50 Cents.** Or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Mention the *Companion*. Mrs. JULYE MYERS, 287 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

Any one who calls at the office cured or no pay.

KIDNEY-WORT

A Valuable Medicine
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys.

These great organs are the natural purifiers of the system. They must work well in order that health may be preserved; if they become inactive, dreadful diseases are likely to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,

are developed because the blood is poisoned by the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

tends to restore the healthy action of the organs and to banish these destroying evils.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by its use. Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

KIDNEY-WORT will alleviate them in many cases, perhaps cure them. Try a package at once.

It is a dry vegetable compound.

One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price $1 00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send postpaid.) **Burlington, Vt.**

For the Companion.

HYMN FOR YOUTH.

Jesus, Lord, we hail thee King!
To thy name hosannas sing!
Ever with thy day's return,
Thoughts of thee within us burn;
Till we seem thy voice to hear,
Till we know that thou art near.

'Mid life's opening scenes we stand;
Far off lies the pleasant land;
Dangers wait where'er we go,
Lurks on every hand a foe;
Straight and steep the heavenward way,
Saviour, leave us not to stray.

Faithful shepherd, let us share
Day by day thy tender care;
In temptation's fearful hour,
Save us from its deadly power;
Thou for us thyself didst give,
Teach us how for thee to live.

Father, be our daily guide;
Jesus, keep us near thy side;
Spirit, while we search the mine
Opened in the Word Divine,
Let the sacred page grow bright,
Glowing in thy perfect light.

RAY PALMER, D.D.

For the Companion.

FACED HIM.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs, in a poor tenement house, lived, or hovelled, an intemperate man who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there, for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him, and he was best let alone. He was a "beast." This was confirmed by the minister's own impressions the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears; and the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising, after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor and spiritual courage, he said to himself, "Now is my time to go to Piper's Alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood."

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entries, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again — and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, if ever, and he was resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally he lifted the latch. There was no lock, and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fire-place, he saw Tim Burke, the "beast."

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

"Who be *you?*" That was his first greeting to his visitor.

"I am a minister."

"Minister! What d' you want?"

"I came to see you."

"Well, look at me, then," and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

"Aint I a beauty, eh?" stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

"Have you looked enough?" said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his foul breath. "Now I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to *kick ye down stairs!*"

"Hold on, hold on! Not now!" said the minister. "If you kick me down stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next floor. Wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service."

"Well, you *are* a cool one," muttered the drunkard; and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned, and presented himself according to promise; but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now. He had evidently been thinking.

"Sit down," said he; and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother; and when he spoke to him of his wife and children the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks. "Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy!" he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke till he saw him reunited to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right-minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he "rescued the perishing."

DON'T OVERWORK THE BRAIN.

There is something more dreadful in the consequences of working the mind to exhaustion than in similar abuse of the body:

Dr. Parker, of New York, delivered a lecture in that city, in which he showed the evils proceeding from the transgression of the limits of their powers by literary men.

He said: "No man can do head-work faithfully for more than four or five or six hours. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorus is carried off, and the man becomes irritable, broken-down, and has softening of the brain.

"I have seen this overwork in lawyers, doctors, clergymen and merchants who have worked the brain for ten hours.

"They have dropped under the burden. You can not violate the law of God with impunity. Sir Walter Scott did a large amount of brain-work in his day, but he did not overwork himself. In his latter days, however, he became pecuniarily embarrassed, and resorted to his literary pursuits to save himself; but he worked too hard and completely broke himself down.

"One of the best scholars I ever knew completely broke himself down in his younger days, but he lived on to seventy, though he could only work some four hours a day. After these hours he engaged in vigorous exercise to keep him out of the house as much as possible, and he continued one of the best professors in the country."

HOW HE WAS SUBDUED.

It may be that some of the married folks who read the *Companion* will find a lesson for a husband, and amusement for the wife, in the following humorous sketch from the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day you bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I'd leave it—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing-desk and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke?

"Think I left it in the ferryboat? Got an idea I left it at prayer-meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?"

And Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit.

"Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I came home last night and took it off."

And Mr. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but didn't find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces, to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh yes! Very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are."

And Mr. Spoopendyke got up in a chair and clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! it must, eh! It must have fallen out! Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out," and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out, it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now he always throws his shirt on the lounge and the button is under that."

A moment's search established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular.

"Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so that it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now it has made so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault"— began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh! Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh! Now where did you ut it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."

FAITHFUL.

A faithful Christian slave is commemorated by the *Christian Herald*, which learned the facts from the slave's master, Mr. S. N. Stevens, of Asheville, N. C.:

Near the close of the civil war a gentleman residing in a Southern State deemed it prudent, the Northern army being within four miles of his residence, to conceal his State bonds, plate, and other valuables.

He decided on burying them in the woods; but as this concealment required assistance, it was necessary to take one of his slaves into his confidence.

The man he selected was one whom he knew to be a consistent Christian. With this slave's aid he buried his treasure, and only he and his master knew the hiding-place.

When the Northern troops came two days afterward, they were informed by the slaves, then emancipated, which of their number knew of the buried treasure.

The man was ordered to disclose the spot where it was hidden, but he knew if he did so, his former master would be ruined, and he refused.

Six men with loaded pistols pointed at his head, repeated the order, and gave him twenty minutes to decide whether he would obey or die.

Life was very sweet, and the slave burst into tears, but told them he would rather die than break his word to his master.

The rough soldiers were touched by the faithful fellow's heroism, and released him unharmed.

It is often said, adds the writer, that religion makes men weak and unmanly, but this Christian slave is an instance of the injustice of the charge. He was faithful even in peril of death.

For the Companion.

THE SPARROW TO THE SKYLARK.

O skylark, soaring, soaring!
Ere day is well begun,
Thy full, glad song outpouring
To greet the rising sun,—
So high, so high in heaven
Thy swift wing cleaves the blue,
We sparrows in the hedges
Can scarcely follow you!

O strong, unwearied singer!
By summer winds caressed,
Among the white clouds floating
With sunshine on thy breast,
We hear thy clear notes dropping
In showers of golden rain,
A glad, triumphant music
That hath no thought of pain!

We twitter in the hedges;
We chirp our little songs,
Whose low, monotonous murmur
To homeliest life belongs;
We perch in lowly places,
We hop from bough to bough,
While in the wide sky-spaces,
On strong wing soarest thou!

Yet we—we share the rapture
And glory of thy flight—
Thou'rt still a bird, O skylark,—
Thou spirit glad and bright!
And ah! no sparrow knoweth
But its low note may be
Part of earth's joy and gladness
That finds full voice in thee!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Mr. John B. Gough and the London preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, are true friends. Mr. Gough says that he became attached to Spurgeon at first sight, while Mrs. Gough was captivated by the preacher's wife. Mr. Gough said, in a recent address:

I wish to say here distinctly that Mr. Spurgeon is a thorough total abstainer. His wife, too, is a pronounced total abstainer. She has not been out of her house, except taken out in a chair, for twelve years. She has some internal disease that is exceedingly painful, so that about one day in three she is confined to her bed and can see no one. Mr. Spurgeon said to me,—

"My wife is a brave little woman. She said to me when she was taking wine and ale by the doctor's prescription, eight years ago, 'Charles, did you ever know of a lady becoming a drunkard?'

"'Yes, my dear.'

"'Did you ever hear of a lady in my position becoming a drunkard?'

"'Yes, my dear, I have.' Then she said,—

"'You will never hear that of me, for I will never touch another drop.'

"'But, my dear, you must; the doctor will oblige you to do it.'

"'No, the doctor will not oblige me to do that, for I will never taste it; it shall never pass my lips.' From that time till this, in all her sufferings and spasms, she has never used intoxicating liquor."

Mr. Spurgeon says that she is very slowly getting a little better. He said to me that a certain physician prescribed for her, and said that she must learn to be an opium-eater if she would be relieved from her pain.

"That doctor," said Mr. Spurgeon, "has been dead for several years, and my wife is living yet."

I wish to say that Mr. Spurgeon has not been a total abstainer for a great length of time. He said to me,—

"My constitution is such that I need and must have bitter. I am very fond of bitter beer; I enjoy it and drink it freely. But now I have substituted something that is bitter without a particle of intoxicating spirit in it, and that I use." He asked me to taste it, and I did. It was very bitter, but there was no alcohol in it.

"One reason," says Mr. Gough, "why Mr. Spurgeon stood aloof from the temperance movement is, that there were so many infidels and so much irreligion connected with it; but the whole movement is being leavened with the love of Christ and with religious influence."

THE DUCK-HUNTER'S STORY.

The habit which prompts fishermen and hunters to tell extraordinary stories of their skill with rod and gun is amusingly satirized by this bit of humorous free-hand drawing:

"Speaking of duck-shooting on St. Clair Flats," sighed an old citizen, as he took a seat in a gun-store yesterday, "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there were ten or fifteen years ago.

"Why, sir, the channel used to be just black with 'em, and they were so tame that you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody sighed to think those good old days and ducks could never return, and the veteran hunter continued,—

"I remember I was out one day in April. I got in among the bipeds, and how many do you suppose I counted?

"Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it and say I killed nine hundred, but I'm getting too near the grave for that.

"No, I didn't kill one: and that's where the strange part of the story comes in.

"When I began to lift that gun up those ducks knew what I was up to just as well as a human being, and what did they do?

"Why, sir, about two hundred of 'em made a sudden dive, swam under the boat, and all raised on her port side at once and upset her.

"Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the North Channel, in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on, and I in my wet clothes.

"I counted over 16,000 great, big, fat, plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those on one side of the boat."

"How long did it take you?"

"I don't know, sir. I had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks.

"I counted aloud, and when the ducks were small I counted two for one. By-and-by I got tired of counting and got ready for the slaughter."

"How many did you kill?"

"Well, I climbed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles, and was picked up by two Indians.

"We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing comes in.

"Under the boat were 265 large plump ducks.

"They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul them out and rap them on the head."

"Why, why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat?" asked an amateur duck-shooter.

"Why didn't they, sir? why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't, but it was too late, a cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking.

"All I know is that I counted over 16,000 ducks, was upset, captured 265, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove everything I have stated. Does any man here want to see the documents?"

No man did. They all looked out of the windows, and wondered if they would lie that way when they had passed three-score years.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Union.*

DORÉ'S BOYISH WORK.

Doré began work as an artist when but eleven years old. When he was thirteen he published a set of caricatures of the Labors of Hercules. At fifteen he was a regular contributor to a host of illustrated publications. A Paris letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph* thus narrates his boyish work:

Two years later he issued his "Wandering Jew," probably the most remarkable series of illustrations ever conceived and executed by a boy of seventeen.

In those early days he used to make sometimes as many as three or four drawings a day, for each of which he charged five francs.

I told him of an American admirer who once tried to form a collection of these earlier efforts of his genius.

He laughed at the idea, and said that to form anything like a complete one would be impossible, as he did not possess one himself, nor would it be possible now to find many of the light ephemeral publications in which they had appeared.

"Moreover," he said, "there are too many of them. In the first eleven years of my artistic career I must have produced, not hundreds, but thousands of illustrations."

"I wish," said I, "M. Doré, that you would make an exhibition of your collected works."

"Madam," he replied, laughing, "they would reach from here to Vincennes if they were set side by side. I would have to engage the Palais de l'Industrie to hold my exhibition in."

He then told me that he had in his possession whole boxes full of unpublished illustrations and completed drawings that have never yet been shown to the public.

"SAME AS WHITE FOLKS."

Why Uncle Ben White shouted is told by the Detroit *Free Press* as follows:

Uncle Ben White, that antiquated, crippled and white-headed negro always to be met on Woodward Avenue begging for a small loan, was looking so proud and conceited yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Well, I does feel a bit stuck up, sah," replied the old man as he gave his old hat a new slant.

"My ole woman am black as de spade of diamonds, an' I nebber s'posed she 'mounted to a hill o' beans, but a few weeks ago she was tooken sick."

"Was, eh?"

"Yes, sah; an' de oder day I called a doctah—same sort o' doctah dat tends on white folks. He looked at de ole woman's tongue, axed her 'bout a fousan' queshuns, an' den he shook his head an' said dat her system was all run out."

"Run down, you mean."

"Yes, sah; an' den he tole her dat she mus' go to de seashore for free months dis summer to git her system back."

"But you can't even raise fifty cents."

"Dat's so; but Lawd bress you! can't we feel tickled an' stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to do jist de same as de biggest white ladies in de land.

"When de doctah said she had a system, same as rich white folks, an' dat she mus' go whar dey roll in salt water, dress in silk an' put up at a 'fo'-story hotel, why, I jist shouted till dey heard me way out in de woods!"

A HAUNTED CZARINA.

Forty-five years ago, the then Czarina, the wife of Czar Nicholas, dreaded the dangers which surround a despotism tempered by assassination. Chevalier Wikoff tells an anecdote which shows how she was haunted:

I often passed an evening with our minister, (William Wilkins), and his sprightly conversation always charmed me.

He frequently related anecdotes of the distinguished people he had met in St. Petersburg, and on one occasion spoke of the Empress (wife of Czar Nicholas), a sister of the King of Prussia, a handsome woman under forty.

He remarked that she always treated him with great condescension, and was occasionally quite playful in her remarks.

One night, chatting with him at a ball at court, she complimented him on his luxuriant head of hair, and asked if that was an American characteristic.

"Ah, Your Majesty is laughing at my gray hairs."

"So far from that, Mr. Wilkins, I could wish my hair was as gray as yours."

"Your Majesty must surely jest."

"No, believe me,"—and her tone became more serious,"—for then I should be nearer to the goal, and feel less dread of the risks and dangers that ever surround me."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

For the Companion.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

Ah! little golden-heads,
What great crowns you wear!
Snowy white and round and bright,
In the grass a pretty sight,
Nodding everywhere.

Why, little golden-heads,
Are you kings and queens?
Ev'ry one, with crowns so fair,
Standing in the summer air?
Tell me what it means!

Dear little golden-heads!
Are you proud at all?
Wearing crowns both day and night,
Snowy crowns, so round and bright,
In the grasses tall?

Ah! little golden-heads,
I know what it means!
You are *daisies*, though you wear
Always crowns so white and fair,
Just like kings and queens.

Yes, little golden-heads!
We may wear them too;—
Boys and girls who do their part,
Working each with cheerful heart,
Trying to be true!

JENNIE HARRISON.

For the Companion.

THE TAILLESS PUSS.

Once upon a time there was a poor little puss who had no tail.

He had once had a tail, but it had been pinched by the shutting of a door when he was small, and so badly hurt that it had to be cut off.

He was a yellow puss with a black nose, and was very lovely in the eyes of his mistress, Gold-Locks.

He never seemed to mind it himself that his

tail was gone, but Gold-Locks grieved over it, and was always trying to retrieve the defect with bits of ribbon, and even with her own tippet, which, since it was white, made a rather funny contrast to pussy's coat.

"O kitty, do hold still, and I can surely make a tail this time," she would say.

But he liked so well to play at hide-and-seek with imaginary mice, in every corner, and under every bit of cover, that, try as she would, she could never quite succeed.

One morning as she was walking in the summer fields with her n. her, they came upon a pond where cat-tails gre.

"If only I could get one for my kitty!" cried Gold-Locks, when she was told the name for the tall, brown, furry things. "It is just what pussy and I have wanted so long."

But they grew too far in the water for her to reach.

That same afternoon, when she was tucking puss up in her doll's crib for a nap, she became more than ever distressed because he had no tail. She made up her little mind, then and there, that this state of things should not go on.

So she went to the kitchen and got a big pair of shears, and started in earnest for the pond where the coveted articles grew.

Her kitty should no longer look stunted and dwarfed behind, when there were plenty of tails to be had for the mere getting.

I am certain there would have been a lost child to search for that night, if her mother had not chanced to see her trudging away on her errand.

She called her back, and upon learning what her intention had been, assured her that no tail would ever look pretty upon puss that did not grow there, nor would he ever be proud or happy with one.

Finally, after long persuasion, and a great deal of argument, Gold-Locks became reconciled to pussy's defect, and the brown cat-tails were left to stand undisturbed in their native pond.

For the Companion.

LITTLE MISHAP.

Little Mishap has lost her nap,
And what shall she do about it?
It's not on her pillow, nor in her night-cap,
And she cannot be happy without it.

Just by mistake she stays wide awake,
As long as the hours are shining;
Though sunbeams make her pretty eyes ache
While she watches the cloud's silver lining.

But Little Mishap, in her mother's lap,
As soon as the stars are winking,
Without setting a trap, will catch the stray nap,
And fall asleep without thinking!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

For the Companion.

HOW KATY AMUSED LILL.

Mamma had gone to bed with a sick headache, and Sally was very busy in the kitchen, so four-year-old Katy tried to take care of Lill, who was only a year and a half younger than herself.

Lill didn't want to be taken care of. "I want mamma," she said.

"Mamma is 'bout sick," said Katy. "Come, let's play."

"I won't," pouted Lill, and began to cry loudly.

"Now, Lill Whitten," said Katy, solemnly, "you *must* keep still. Do you want mamma to be sick and die and go to heaven?"

"No, course not," snapped Lill.

"Well, come then, let's go out on the porch, and I'll find a string and we'll make a cat's wrassle."

Lill stopped crying at once.

"I want a string, Sally," said Katy, as they went through the kitchen, "one long enough to make a cat's wrassle."

"Bless me!" said Sally, "what's that?"

"Don't you know? Why, Cousin Joe and Carrie Brown made one at the party the other night, and they kept taking it off from each other's hands."

"Oh! a cat's cradle."

"P'raps it was. It don't make any diff'ence, any way."

"Here's a string," said Sally. "Now do run out; my pies are burning to a blister."

Katy tied the ends of the string together, and twisted it first around her fingers, and then around Lill's, but she couldn't make her cat's cradle, after all. Lill began to fret again.

"O Lill!" said Katy, spying a pail full of peas in the corner of the porch, "let's shell peas."

So they went at it, but it was slow work for their little fingers. It was just as well for Lill, for she shelled them into her mouth.

"Why, Lill," cried Katy, when she saw what she was doing, "mamma said we mustn't never eat raw peas."

"They're dood," said Lill.

"If you eat 'em, you'll be sick and die and go to heaven. Don't eat any more, and I'll tell you the story Sally tells us about Jack and the bean-stalk."

"Oh, do! I won't never eat any more," said Lill soberly, shaking her curly head.

"Well," and Katy's black eyes looked very wise and earnest; "once there was a boy, and his name was Jack, and he sowed a bean."

"He didn't sowed it, he *p'anted* it," said Lill.

"Oh yes. Well, it grew, and grew, and then he climbed up it, and he says, 'Hitch my hatchet and up I go! hitch my hatchet and up I go!'

"And there was a little house on top, and he went in and asked the woman to stay all night. And after he went to bed the man came home, and he says,—

"'Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I hear the blood of a Englishum,
Be he live or dead,
I'll have some.'

"And the woman said, 'It's only a crow flying round the house with some meat in her mouf.'

"So he didn't find Jack, and in the morning he went down home again, and he says, 'Hitch my hatchet and down I go! hitch my hatchet and down I go!' And—and—I can't 'member any more, but Sally knows it all. Don't you think it's a bu'ful story, Lill?"

Lill didn't answer. Katy looked up from her shelling and saw Lill's head nodding, nodding. She was fast asleep.

For the Companion.

JAMIE IN THE GARDEN.

How is a little boy to know
About these berries all,
That ripen all the summer through
From springtime until fall?

I must not eat them till they're ripe,
I know that very well,
But each one ripens differently,
So how am I to tell?

Though strawberries and raspberries
When ripe, are glowing red,
Red blackberries I must not touch,
Mamma has lately said.

And though no one of these is fit
To eat when it is green,
Ripe gooseberries, as green as grass,
At grandpapa's I've seen.

And peas are green when they are ripe,
Some kinds of apples, too;
But they're not berries, neither are
These currants, it is true.

These currants now! why, some are red,
And some are brilliant green.
"Don't eat unripe ones!" mother said,
But which ones did she mean?

To disobey her would be wrong;
To leave them I am loth.
I really can't find out, unless—
Unless I eat them both.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

For the Companion.

THE TROUSERS.

A pair of trousers once lay on a chair in a boy's room.

It was night, and the boy had gone to bed, having first thrown his jacket on one chair, and his trousers on another, while his stockings and shoes lay in the middle of the floor, looking as if they were ready for dancing.

They were asleep, however, and so was the jacket, but the trousers were awake, and complaining bitterly of their hard fate.

"Why," they said, "were we ever made into this dreadful shape? We were so happy when we were part of the great roll of cloth, and lay on the counter in the tailor's shop. Then we spoke often of what we should become when we were cut out.

"We wished to be a jacket for some nice little girl, or a handsome coat for a tall man. But one day the roll of cloth was opened and shaken out. We felt cold steel passing through us. 'Snip, snap! snip, snap!' this is all that scissors can say, as we know from experience.

"Then we were put under the needle of a sewing-machine and pierced cruelly, many times. Yes, that is painful, I assure you. And so we became trousers, and were bought by the mother of little Frank, who lies sleeping yonder.

"Since then, what a life we have led! Often covered with mud from top to bottom, wet through and through, stained with berries, bespattered with ink, frozen stiff, when our master must needs play in the cold snow, and then scorched by being hung too near the fire to dry. Ah! it is a hard life.

"And now comes the worst of all, for yesterday we were forced to go through some brambles covered with sharp thorns, which actually tore a piece out of each knee, so that now we are indeed a melancholy sight. We shall never recover from this."

The trousers sighed deeply, and looked at the jacket, hoping for a sympathetic reply. But the jacket still slept soundly, and said nothing.

Then the trousers were offended, and remained silent for the rest of the night, though they thought a great deal.

In the morning when the mother came to wake her little boy, she saw them lying there, with a great hole in each knee.

"Here is a sad piece of work," she said. "Put on your shirt and jacket, my child, and sit here on the table while I mend your trousers. So you will know how it feels to be without any, and learn to take better care of them."

The trousers said nothing, but they were well pleased. Soon they had a patch of bright new cloth on each knee, and that was good enough for anybody.

"This is well," they said. "It shows what one was in one's youth." And off they went to school.

A "C" FOR AN "H." A cow jumped on the track before an express train. The report of the danger said: "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed against the cow, and literally cut her into calves."

A PRECOCIOUS Scotch lass, seven years old, when asked whether she would marry or remain single, said, "Neither; I shall be a widow."

A TORNADO is a great blow to any country.

NUTS TO CRACK

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.

PRESIDENT-MAKING.
(58 Letters.)

My whole marks a notable occasion which occurs in America once in four years.

The college halls of 34, 51, 30, 18, 48, 36, 42, 5, 14 accommodated for a time the earlier Congress of Independent America.

8, 16, 46, 4, 41, 32, 53, 29, 10, 23 was distinguished for the part he acted in the Declaration of Independence.

25, 2, 39, 47, 19, 21, 11 was highly distinguished in government making, and in administering several of the highest offices of government.

9, 8, 38, 57, 15, 24, 44 was a Vice-President.

37, 54, 8, 28, 19, 45, 40, 33, 1, 13 was an early ambassador to the Court of France.

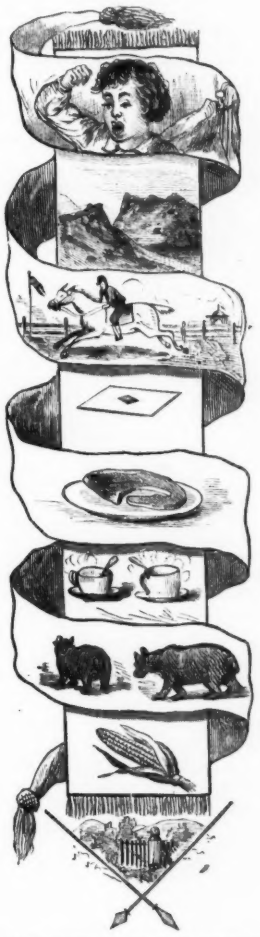
55, 7, 46, 52, 27, 50, 17, 22, 58, a New England statesman, was not afraid to go on with his duty on a "dark day."

The 20, 26, 6, 43, 31, 9, 49, 37 of the nation are subject to special consideration in the present making of a President.

WESTBROOK.

2.

RIBBON REBUS.



Each of the pictures on the spiral ribbon represents a word which contains within it another word represented by the picture immediately below, on the upright ribbon. The *initials* of the four inside words on the upright ribbon are found *half-hidden* in the *landscape* below. The *finals* of the four inside words are *hidden* in the *name* of the two weapons at the bottom.

Each word on the spiral contains five letters. Each word on the upright ribbon contains three letters.

LUCIUS GOSS.

3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A city famous for its stern decrees;
And one notorious for its fatal ease.

1. A dangerous monster of distorted shape,
2. He helped a king that monster to escape.
3. Men were called Christians first in this old town,
4. Here lived and died brave men of great renown.
5. The manners of the town of stern decrees,
6. The glory of the city killed by ease.

H. H. BALLARD.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Take XX from XIX and I is left alone.
2. C LOVE
   MUSIC
   UPPER
   UNTIL
   BOARD
3. HO—B—BY
   TR—U—TH
   PE—N—NY
   BA—K—ER
   CR—E—EP
   ST—R—AW
   OT—H—ER
   TH—I—NG
   PI—L—OT
   VA—L—UE
4. Pear, reap, ear, pea, ape, rape, era, fear, near.
5. NEW ARK.
   FLEET WOOD.
   S UNDER LAND.
   CHAT HAM.
   TAUNT ON.
   MAID'S TONE.
   OLD HAM.
   WELLS.
   SHIELDS.
   BATH.

BUNKER HILL.

6. Purr, eat, run, chirp, howl. Perch.

The SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the COMPANION is

$1 75, which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

THE COMPANION is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publishers for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law

PAYMENT for the Companion, when sent by mail, should be made in Money orders, Bank-checks or Drafts. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

RENEWALS. — Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the date opposite your name on your paper can be changed.

DISCONTINUANCES. — Remember that the Publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

Always give the name of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

The date against your name on the margin of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid, and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

Letters to Publishers should be addressed to PERRY MASON & CO., Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.

The best physicians are coming more to acknowledge that tubercular consumption can be cured.

Dr. Carl Booth, of New York, a man eminent in the regular profession, claims that he is able to cure sixty per cent. of consumptives at all stages; and that it is easy to arrest the disease in its early stage. His aim is to secure five points:

1. To get the muscles which control the action of the lungs into such a condition that they can draw the air forcibly into the finest passages, thus clearing the lungs of all phlegm and pus, and reëstablishing capillary circulation and respiration in the affected parts, and stimulating the activity of the air-cells generally.

2. To establish perfect digestion, assimilation, and excretion. In this, he does not seek what to people generally is the most nutritious and most easily digested food, but such as the particular patient can most readily digest and assimilate.

3. To heal the tubercles by transforming them into a cretaceous (chalk-like) mass. He secures this (1) with food rich in salts of lime; (2) certain minerals, such as lime and silica; and (3) certain acids, such as citric, which promote the oxidation of effete matter.

4. To increase the activity of the air cells. This is accomplished by bringing the patients under the influence, as much as possible, of sunlight, ozone, fresh air and bodily exercise. He says, "They sleep with open windows in summer and winter, and go out every day. So important is out-door exercise, that I insist that my patients go out in rain, snow, dampness, and even in night air and dew. I have had no instance for twenty years where a patient caught cold from such exposure. I only guard against strong head-winds and extreme hot weather."

5. To prevent all unnecessary waste of the nervous force, and to employ the latter, as far as possible, in promoting the nutrition of the system.

LEONINE DENTISTRY.

The operating dentist at the Zoölogical Gardens at London is clever at his business. He has removed a big tooth from the hippopotamus, operated on the base of the big elephant's tusk, and recently, as we learn from the *Journal of Chemistry*, he took a horse's leg-bone out of a lion's mouth.

Recently, at the Zoölogical Gardens in London, one of the lions was observed to be in a state of great tribulation, rolling about, and trying to get something out of his mouth with his paws.

Upon examining the animal to see what was the matter, Mr. Bartlett found that a great bone had become a fixture in the poor brute's mouth. The difficulty was to remove it, as the lion was in a fearful temper. This was done by getting the lion into a "shifting den," where his face would not be very far from the bars. It was then ascertained that the object in the lion's mouth was the spongy round bone, as big as a cricket ball, which forms the hip-joint of the horse.

The lion had part of a horse's haunch for dinner. In amusing himself with the bone, he first got his upper large canine tooth into the soft part of the bone, and biting on it, the corresponding canine tooth in the lower jaw came through so far into the bone that it almost met with the point of the upper tooth; the jaw thus became fixed. The animal was prevented from taking food or water.

Mr. Bartlett, with a great deal of tact and manœuvring, managed to get this bone out of the lion's mouth.

It was lucky he did so, as he found that the long projecting part of the bone was pressing hard upon the lion's tongue.

FIDO.

It sounds queerly to tell of a poodle driving off a bear, but a lady writer relates such a story in the *Rural New-Yorker:*

Twenty years ago, when Dr. G—— and his pretty young wife decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and "go West," the question arose, "What shall we do with Fido?"

Fido was the family pet, a snow-white dog six inches high, but with a spirit as brave as that of any mastiff in the land.

"Take him, of course," said Lottie. "How can we live without Fido?"

"But, my dear, that is absurd. Take a dog a thousand miles?"

However, the deed was done.

One night two years afterwards, the family were seated in the cottage, talking hopefully of the bright prospects before them, and longingly of the friends they'd left behind, when Fido came running to the door barking violently. Then he ran back to the temporary stables, where the fine horses were kept which the doctor had brought all the way from the old Empire State.

"Fido has started another badger, I guess," said the doctor, resuming the conversation. But this did not answer. Back and forth from the stables to the cottage the little sprite ran, almost frantic with excitement, and barking furiously.

At length the family went out with lanterns, to try to quiet the faithful dog more than from fear of any danger.

They found one side of the stable torn off and a horse loose.

Something was moving away across the field, and little Fido was in hot pursuit.

"It is a bear," said the doctor, examining the track.

The animal was killed the next day, a huge fellow, who was disappointed in his hoped-for meal off the horses by the spiteful little vixen.

Fido was a hero after this, and always wagged his tail proudly and looked up knowingly when any one told the story of Fido and the bear.

SCOTCH HUMOR.

A characteristic of Scotch wit is that it is often grotesque and produces the effect of humor without being humorous, as the following specimens show:

At a time when many of the poor in Scotland had scarcely any notion of any food but oatmeal, a gentleman asked a boy one day if he did not tire of porridge. The boy looked up astonished, saying,—

"Wad ye hae me no' like my meat?"

And so we read of a wee laddie interrogating his mother,—

"Mither, will we hae tea tae our breakfast the morn?"

"Ay, laddie, if we're spared."

"And if we're no spared, mither, will we only hae parritch?"

A Scotchwoman, who had accompanied her mistress to Ireland, being jeered by an Irishman on her unmarried condition, replied, in the predestinarian phraseology peculiar to her class, "I'm truly thankful that a man was na ordainit to me, for maybe he might have been like yoursel'."

It was to Jock Amos an old wife said one day,—

"John, how auld will ye be?" They had been talking of their ages.

"Oh, I dinna ken," said John. "It would tak a wiser head than mine to tell ye that."

"It is unco' queer that ye dinna ken how auld you are," returned she.

"I ken weel enough how auld I am," said John, "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."

COLLEGE-BOYS' ANSWERS.

College-boys, as the following examples show, sometimes give queer answers to grave questions:

"Juvenal says that two heads are better than one. Please illustrate."

"Well," after profound meditation, "take a barrel, for instance."

"Sir Thomas More was chancellor of Henry VIII. When did the latter reign?"

"About the time of More."

"Why was Matilda not crowned?"

"Why, because Stephen had the crown on."

"Mr. C., what is a distinctive feature of the descendants of the Danes and the Saxons?"

Mr. C—— A love of mari—marital adventure.

"That is more French than Saxon."

Mr. C—— (confusedly)—Oh, I mean maritime adventure.

"Did Paley have any doubt as to the author of the 'Acts of the Apostles'?"

"No, sir."

"Have you?"

"No, sir."

"Who was it, then?"

"It was" (a long pause)—"I believe, sir, it was Paul."

"What are the constituents of quartz?"

"Pints."

"How is Britannia ware manufactured?"

"By dissolving tin in hot water, sir."

A REVENGEFUL CAMEL.

We find this Eastern story illustrating the camel's malignity and passion—notwithstanding his patience and good service when well treated:

On one occasion a camel-driver had insulted the animal in his charge. The driver, from the expression of its eye, saw that there was mischief in it, and kept a sharp watch for some days.

One night before he retired to rest, he left his cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent. During the night the camel approached the cloak, and, believing that its master was fast asleep under it, lay down and rolled itself backwards and forwards over the cloak; the saddle broke under its weight, and the animal was evidently much pleased at what it thought was the cracking and breaking of its master's bones.

After a time it rose, and looking with contentment on the havoc it had caused, retired from the spot. Next morning, the driver, who had heard all that the camel had done, presented himself to the animal. The disappointed camel was in such a rage on seeing its master safe and well that it died.

A BEAR INSTEAD OF A PIG.

A tragic termination of an attempt to steal a pig occurred at a French village, not long ago:

A man with a dancing-bear arrived in the evening, and begged a lodging of a farmer for himself and his charge. The bear was accordingly turned into a pig-sty after the pig had been removed to another shelter.

In the middle of the night three malefactors appeared on the scene, with the intention of stealing the farmer's pig.

The bear gave the men a warm reception, promptly flooring the two men who ventured into the sty before they discovered the substitution of the animals.

The third robber was petrified with fright at the fate of his companions, but managed to shout for help, and the farmer and bear-keeper were soon on the spot.

They found the first man quite dead; the second is still dangerously ill, and it is feared that the pig-stealing adventure has destroyed the reason of the other.

IN THE STREET.

A gentleman interested in prisoners visited a man in jail, waiting to be tried for a crime.

"Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street.

"In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer, and to do all evil. O sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"

A PHYSICIAN named Parsons lectured in a down-east town the other night, and was introduced to the audience as one of the few Parsons who preach little and practise much.

AS IT should be! ("Young persons ought, above all things, to be taught perfect candor.)—*Manual of Etiquette.*

Visitor—Is Miss Percival at home?

Servant—No, Miss. Did you wish to see her?

Visitor—Lor', no! I wanted her to see me.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Imparts new energy to the brain, giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

YUBA WANNA is a purely vegetable life-giving hair-dressing, promotes the growth of the hair, adds to its lustre and beauty, keeps it clean and in good order, ensuring all who use it a most beautiful head of hair. Sold by druggists. Depot, 31 Central Wharf, Boston.

AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Gives full directions for using The New System and Material. Sample copy, 10 cts. Room, 70 Bible House, N. Y.

$5.00. SELF-PLAYING ORGAN ATTACHMENT. Plays **any** music on **any** organ. Moves right and left over the key-board, and plays in **any** key. Address ORGAN ATTACHMENT CO., Box 665, Poughkeepsie, New York.

MADARASZ, the Champion Card-Writer of America, whose fine penmanship goes everywhere, will send 12 magnificent written cards with your name for **20 cts.** Louis Madarasz, Penman, Business College, Jersey City, N.J.

MINIATURE YACHTS —AND— **CATAMARANS.** Always on hand and made to order. Send three cent stamp for manual of miniature yachting and price-list. A nice book for boys. O. M. BLUNT, 338 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PENS Esterbrook's Steel Pens are the most popular in use. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO, Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., N. Y.

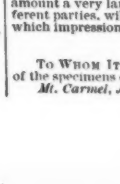
10C. — Stationery Package. *Best ever put up.* It contains **12** sheets Writing Paper, **12** Envelopes, Pen, Penholder, Lead Pencil, **1** Ventriloquist's Whistle, and **1** fine Ivory Toothpick, **3** blades. Sample package, postpaid, **10** cts. Stamps taken. Agents' catalogue of New Novelties free. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., **22** New Church Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with **HEEL** and **TOE complete,** in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to **The Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 469 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE KNOWLEDGE. If you want to learn the names of our most beautiful and useful native and foreign woods, and learn something of their value in the arts (follow directions, success sure), send 10 cts. for 24 sample varieties and a circular to CHAS. W. SPURR, Boston, Mass. Box 3072. **Recommended to teachers and scholars by Prof. Goodale.**

LADIES, ONLY think. The **Gossamer Rubber Sleeve Protector** fits tight at the wrist. Self-adjusting to any size; waterproof; entirely protects the sleeve; will save its price in wear and washing of clothing every week. Sample pair sent, postpaid, to any address for 15 cents. Great inducements to agents. Circulars free. **AMERICAN MANUF'G CO., 494 Front St., Franklin City, Mass.**

THE LITTLE GIANT CANE AND CAMP STOOL.



A Companion for the *Artist, Tourist,* and *Sportsman,* at the *Mountain* and *Seaside.* Weighing only 1¼ lbs., and changed to either Stool or Cane in 30 seconds. Obtained of dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price. Wooden Head, $2.00; Metal Head, $2.50. Address WELLS MANUFACTURING CO. 55 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

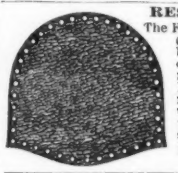
NEW MUSIC 24 PIECES, 30 CTS. In order to introduce MUSICAL HOURS, the largest and handsomest of musical monthlies, we will send **2** copies containing **12** beautiful songs, and **12** charming instrumental pieces by the *best* American and Foreign composers, with music complete, for only **30 cts.** or ten 3c stamps. These **24** choice pieces, at 35c each, would cost **$8.40;** we send them, elegantly printed and bound, all postpaid, for **30c** or 10 3-ct. stamps. G. W. RICHARDSON & Co., 21 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR. (RECLINING)

A Priceless boon to those who are unable to walk. Hon. A. H. Stephens, M. C., and hundreds of others use them. Send for Circular to **FOLDING CHAIR CO., New Haven, Conn.**

MICROGRAPH. An interesting little instrument to old and young. The most wonderful Microscope ever made for the price. One hundred beautiful microscopic pictures, photographed on glass, accompany each instrument. These are mostly copied from choice works of art, making a large collection of pictures at an exceedingly low price. It can also be used for viewing insects, seeds, leaves, water, blood, etc. Better than many other magnifiers, as the objects are seen by reflected light. Every child should have one before vacation. Price, post free, $1.00. Sample copy of *Trifet's Monthly* (contains 56 columns each, 22 inches long) and Catalogue on receipt of two three-cent stamps. F. TRIFET, 25 School St., Boston, Mass.

RESEAT YOUR CHAIRS.



The Fiber Chair Seat, leather finish (brown, green, or maroon), may be fastened to any chair with carpet-tacks or brass-head nails. Price, up to 16 in., 30c; 17 or 18 in., 42c. Sent by mail, fitted, on receipt of paper pattern with price and 6c postage per seat. Small sample for 3c stamp. Strong and handsome. **Harwood Chair Seat Co.,** 24 Washington St., Boston.

WOODS FOR BRACKET SAWING

Planed to following thicknesses:	1-8	3-16	1-4
Black Walnut, 9 to 18 in. wide, per foot..	6c	7c	8c
White Holly, 8 to 15 in. wide, per foot..	9	12	15
" " 4 to 7 in. wide, per foot..	6	8	10

For complete price-list, address PALMER, PARKER & CO., Corner Portland and Travers Sts., Boston, Mass.

PATENT READY WOUND BOBBINS. FOR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES.

Any Number, 50 to 100, White and Black. THEY ARE ALL READY to put into the Shuttle, PERFECTLY WOUND, and improve the looks of the work and strength of seam. Sample box, containing 200 yards, sent postpaid for 7 cents. In ordering, mention name of Machine and number of thread. **MERRICK THREAD CO., Holyoke, Mass. 23 & 25 Thomas St., N. Y. 248 Chestnut St., Phila. 276 Devonshire St., Boston.**

XX COT (not painted, White Duck) $2.

Makes a perfect bed. No mattress or pillows required. Better than a hammock, as it fits the body as pleasantly, and lies *straight.* Folded or opened instantly. Self-fastening. It is just the thing for hotels, offices, cottages, camp-meetings, sportsmen, etc. Good for the lawn, piazza, or "coolest place in the house." Splendid for invalids or children. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. For **50 cts. extra,** with order, I will prepay expressage to any railroad station east of Mississippi River and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For **75 cents,** in Minnesota, Missouri and Iowa. **HERMON W. LADD, 108 Fulton St., Boston;** 207 Canal St., New York; 165 North Second St., Pa.; 94 Market St., Chicago. **Send for Circulars.**

LADY AGENTS WANTED FOR MADAME GRISWOLD'S

928 Broadway, New York.

Branch Office, 28 and 32 Winter Street, Boston. Gen. Western Agents, WYGANT & Co., Fredonia, N. Y., and J. B. PUTNAM, 126 State Street, Chicago. My patrons everywhere will recognize above cuts with pleasure. The MME. GRISWOLD CORSET has become the favorite of the age on account of its healthfulness, elegance, durability, and easy adjustment to suit any form gained by the different styles and lengths. These corsets received highest award at the Centennial Exhibition, and wherever exhibited. Sold only by ladies. Permanent employment with good salary obtained by addressing N. Y. office. Orders by mail promptly filled. Remit by P.O.order or registered letter. No trouble to show goods. Prices $1.50 and upward. *Mention this paper.*

FOR THE HAIR. BURNETT'S COCOAINE Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Send for Circular to **JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass.**

SUFFERED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Hon. Joshua Tuthill, of East Saginaw, Mich., says: "Count me among the enthusiastic friends of **Hunt's Remedy.** It has proven in my case all you claim for it. Having suffered for about twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys (which our local physicians pronounced Bright's disease), I made a journey East to consult the eminent Dr. Haven, of Hamilton, New York, of whose fame in this specialty I had heard much. Dr. Haven examined me carefully, and simply said, 'Go and get a bottle of **Hunt's Remedy** and take according to directions.' After having travelled so far for treatment, it struck me as rather funny to be directed to take a medicine which I might have bought within a stone's throw of my own door, but I was in the doctor's hands, and of course I followed his advice, and right glad was I that I did so, for before I had taken **Hunt's Remedy** half a dozen times I found immense benefit from it, and by continuing the use of it for a limited time, I recovered from my trouble entirely, and am to-day, I think, one of the most rugged of rugged Michiganders. The world is indebted to you, sir, for the promulgation of such a medicine, and I hope you may not go without your reward." Trial size, **75** cents.

FOSSILS FROM THE COAL MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A SPECIMEN OF SLATE WITH BEAUTIFUL IMPRESSIONS OF

SHOWING THE VEGETABLE ORIGIN OF COAL

These Impressions, made thousands of years ago, are as natural almost as the original itself, every vein and fibre being clear and distinct. They are truly interesting and wonderful, and should be seen by all.

Will send postpaid for 5 cents. Larger sizes 10 cents. Still larger sizes vary in price from 25 cents to $1, for which amount a very large and fine specimen can be obtained. Any boy or girl sending an order for Fossils, to be sent to different parties, will receive for every dollar of the order a 50 cent specimen for his trouble. When ordering, please state which impression is preferred. Send all orders to

H. J. MEIXELL, Mt. Carmel, Northumberland Co., Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—This certifies that Mr. H. J. Meixell is a responsible party, and that his description of the specimens offered for sale is in every respect correct. AMOS VASTINE, President Mt. Carmel Savings Bank.
Mt. Carmel, June 1, 1880.